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THE PACIFIC



Volume XLIX

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Number 14

Through Shade and Shine.

THROUGH shade and shine the journey
Beneath the ever-changing skies, [lies
Our finite skill can ne'er divine
If one day shall be dark or fine;
God hides it from our anxious eyes.

How well for him who daily tries
By faith to pierce the clouds' disguise,
And sees the Father's glad design
Through shade and shine!

O Thou, who art the Only Wise,
In mazes dark my way advise;
Let bitter days with sweet combine
To make my life more truly thine;
Thus led by thee, my song shall rise
Through shade and shine.

—S. S. McCurry.

THE PACIFIC

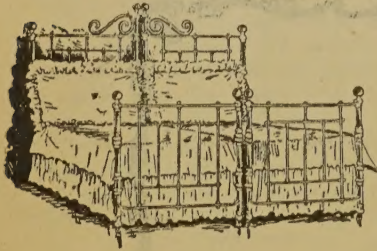
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 5 April: 1900

Thy Choice.

Though God be good and free be heaven,
No force divine can love compel;
And though the song of sins forgiven
May sound through lowest hell,
The sweet persuasion of his voice
Respects thy sanctity of will.
He giveth day; thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still. —Whittier.

An extract from the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn, which has made not a little stir in certain theological circles, if the newspaper reports are to be credited, is given in this issue of *The Pacific*. We have given the sermon only a hurried reading, which discloses nothing that should call forth any severe criticism from any quarter, except the declarations concerning the Westminster confession of faith. Doubtless it was unwise for Dr. Hillis to so declare himself in this public manner while yet a member of a Presbytery, and his words have greatly nettled some of his former associates in Chicago. The *New York Times* for March the 28th quotes Dr. Hillis as saying in self-defense that his liberal views have long been known by his Chicago friends, among them the professors in McCormick Seminary; and that he had worked earnestly with voice and pen some years ago to bring about the excision from the Westminster confession of those very passages to which he referred in his recent sermon. Referring to Dr. Herrick Johnson's criticism he says: "The difference between Dr. Johnson's position and mine is this: We were both reared in the church of our fathers; the creed is like the old homestead. He reveres the venerable building, and through reverence is unwilling to alter a shingle on the roof or a log in the foundation. I love it so much that I want to repair the old homestead in order to save it; to take off the old shingles where the roof leaks, take out the timbers that are threatened with

decay, that the structure may be handed on intact to our descendants." Whenever anything vital to Plymouth church, Brooklyn, comes to public notice and comment Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, a leading member, is likely to have something to say. This time the *New York papers* report him as carrying the church plainly over to Universalism. His words, as reported, are: "No one in Plymouth church believes in the Westminster confession as McCormick Theological Seminary interprets it. We believe that God is a father, and will save all his children." But Dr. Hillis does not say any such thing in his sermon. Almost the last words of his sermon are, "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall wake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." And it is hardly possible that Mr. Shearman is authorized to speak for the entire membership or even a majority.

In all probability Dr. Hillis realizes now that he made a mistake in not withdrawing from the Chicago Presbytery as soon as he took charge of Plymouth church. When he took that step, assumed that charge, he placed himself where it was not possible for him to be as outspoken against the Westminster confession as he had been theretofore. The criticism was more of an outside criticism, and the stalwarts were accordingly more inclined to resent it than if it had come as a protest from some one wholly within the fold. There are many Presbyterian ministers who regard the Westminster confession about as Dr. Hillis regards it; but they keep silent about it, knowing how strongly it is entrenched. There are two seminaries in which the teachings are extremely Calvinistic—Princeton and McCormick; and it is with the professors in the latter that Dr. Hillis has now to do, inasmuch as his theological training was received there and his Presbyterian relations have been with them. It

is to be hoped that the Presbytery will allow Dr. Hillis to go in peace, and that his experience may serve to cause any others who believe with him to refrain from such criticism while only partially without the Presbyterian fold.

A Modern Chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.

In a recent number of the church paper published by Bethany Congregational church of this city the Rev. Jee Gam of the Chinese Mission tells of his trip East last fall in the interests of the work among the Chinese. In his article he becomes reminiscent and brings up some events of a score of years ago which have helped to make important history. According to his story, when, in 1879, he was invited to attend the annual meeting of the A. M. A. in Chicago, it came to him on the train en route to that city that he ought, while in the East, to improve the opportunity to ask something special for the Chinese. He then asked God to show him what his people most needed, and was impressed soon with the thought that he ought to ask for the organization of mission work in Hong Kong. Accordingly, at the A. M. A. meeting in Chicago, after telling of the work among his people in California, he launched forth in a special plea for a South China mission. Previous to this the A. M. A. had been petitioned in numerous letters from Chinese who saw the need, to inaugurate such a work, and had replied that its work was in the home land alone. But Jee Gam felt impelled to ask it, nevertheless, in Chicago. And later, in a trip through several Eastern States, this was everywhere his special plea. As a result the A. M. A. asked the American Board to undertake the work in China, and this was done by sending out the Rev. C. R. Hager, M.D. This work is now in Hong Kong, Canton City, and in the San Ving, San Ning, Hoy Ping and Yen Ping districts, and the number of converts last year was 308.

When the Rev. Jee Gam asked at the court of heaven he asked at the right place. It didn't seem to be the right place when he asked the A. M. A. to undertake foreign work, but that asking there seems, from the outcome, to have had its rightful place in the chain of events leading up to this important work in China. Those Indians who went from the far northwest to St. Louis in the early part of the

century in search of what they called the white man's book of God did not find that book in St. Louis, but it came to them a little later at the hands of the great missionary societies of the East. God leads his children by indirection as well as by direction.

With the memory of that trip twenty years ago and its results to inspire him, Jee Gam went out across the continent last year again in the interests of his people. This time his special plea was to be for the work among the Chinese here in California. How Biblical it all seems! As we read concerning it the mind goes back to a period thousands of years ago. "Send some one else," said Jee Gam to the Christian woman who wished the trip to be made and was providing the money for it. This he said, realizing the greatness of the undertaking and what he called the smallness of his ability. Instantly the reply came: "Moses said the same thing, but God told him to go and he would be with him. He went and he did find God's presence and help. The Lord will be with you and help you in the same way."

And then we have in Jee Gam's narrative that which shows the childlike trustfulness in God, which seems to be so characteristic of these converts. He seeks indication after indication of God's will and finally starts on the journey fully convinced that it was the Divine will that he should undertake it. It involved addresses along the way, attendance at the International Congregational Council in Boston, the meetings of the American Board at Providence and of the American Missionary Association at Binghamton, New York. Pressure of work has made it impossible for this modern apostle to tell much of the story of that trip, but the little he has told impresses us with the thought that the trip is to play an important part in future church history among the Chinese. There are devout expressions of gratitude to God for kindnesses and opportunities all along the way. As to the International Council he says: "Taken all in all, I could never forget the greatness and grandeur of this International Congregational Council, and I thank the Lord for the honor of being made a delegate."

The interesting and important chapters in the book of the Acts of the Apostles were not all written eighteen hundred years ago. Such

chapters have been written in all the years since then, and are being written to-day. They will be written in China in great richness and fullness as the years roll on. Ever are we impressed as Dr. Edward A. Lawrence was when he studied modern missions in the East and said: "A truth flashes upon us here which I predict, as we see more of the mission field, will grow clearer and clearer—the truth that, after all, Christianity is an Oriental religion. Perhaps, too, the query may come to us whether we Occidentals are not the tyros and blunderers in our comprehension of it, while the Asiatics may, at some time, resume their leadership in the kingdom of God."

Those Oriental nations have been kept intact for thousands of years; that they have so lived on shows that there is in them something which deserves to live. Now Christianity is laying hold of them; they are to be transformed, and under its influences to give to the world-wide civilization, to be, certain elements which will enrich it and lift it up nearer to what God has planned that it shall become.

Notes.

Among the Congregationalists expected to be in attendance at the Pacific Coast Congregational Conference is President Graves of the University of Washington.

The Rev. Dr. Temple of Plymouth church, Seattle, has found time again in his busy pastorate to favor the readers of *The Pacific* with another interesting series of articles. The parson's door-bell rings this week.

The Rev. Mr. Puddefoot, far-famed among Congregationalists, will be on the Coast soon, and it is expected that he will remain long enough to be in attendance at the Pacific Coast Congregational Conference in May.

Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Peck started this week for the East. They go especially to attend the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, to be held in New York from May 21st to May 1st. Dr. Peck is to speak at the Conference concerning the medical training of the natives in the foreign missionary fields. His long experience in medical missionary work and his position as dean of the medical department of North China College qualify him for such place on the program of the Ecumenical Conference.

The Commencement Day exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary will occur next Tuesday. The alumni will meet at 10:30. The graduation exercises are at 2:30. The address for the occasion will be by the Rev. Dr. Thom-

as F. Day of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, the Presbyterian institution located at San Anselmo. The graduating class consists of Messrs. J. A. Benton, R. B. Cherington, R. C. Day, H. B. Mowbray and B. M. Palmer. There are two special course students who finish their work this year—G. H. Wilbur and Yahachi Horiye. This is the thirty-first anniversary of the Seminary. The friends of the school are invited to the afternoon exercises.

A few weeks ago it was stated in *The Pacific* that the contributions on the part of the Chinese Christians in California for the church work at home and abroad averaged nearly ten dollars a member. In that note a typographical mistake made their contributions only \$390.83, when they really were \$3,903.83. Some one has taken the figures from that article and sent them to the *Advance*, and so the erroneous amount has had wide publication. The mistake was not corrected at once in these columns for the reason that the rest of the item was such as to show that the error was merely a typographical one. Such mistakes are not found in *The Pacific* any oftener than in other papers, and we scarcely have time ever to correct them. An editor has to train himself not to be worried by them—even by such an one as placed the Rev. Dr. Joseph Thompson in Broadway Tabernacle pulpit for nearly three-score years, when the time of his occupancy of it was only twenty-six years. Let not the readers think that the editor does not see every mistake that they see, and more too; and let none say that they can be avoided, lest they be guilty of declaring possible the impossible.

The Rev. Edward Curran is to join the Congregational forces in Alaska in May. Recently he presented his resignation as pastor at Astoria, Oregon, in order that he might go to that northern mission field. Since Mr. Curran has been in Astoria he has published a weekly church paper, from the last issue of which we quote the following as especially worth repeating: "Much is made of the conversion and reception of 'heads of families' into our churches, just as if old heads were of more value in the sight of God than young ones. From the undue display and attention which is often made in this line, *children* are liable to get the impression that they would be much more appreciated in the Lord's family were they to wait until they, too, were heads of families. There is an Authority on "suffer little children to come." Old heads are valuable, of course, and need to be sought after and encouraged to enter the Master's service, even though they may be set in ways which render them somewhat inflexible in the new services to which all are equally invited. We contend that a young life is of more actual

value in rendering service to the King because it is young and easily susceptible of the best impressions, will render a longer and more efficient service, is more flexible and easier of adjustment to the New Life, has not spent long years in evil example and sin, and can consequently with greater ease and power work for and follow the Master than one who has long followed in the paths of sin. So let us have the 'heads of families' and likewise the children; but if there must be a loud proclaim let it be made over the little people, as they are they of whom the Teacher said 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Chronicle and Comment.

A "last chance" and "first chance" saloon stands between Monterey and Pacific Grove. Pacific Grove prohibits the saloon; Monterey does not. In such ways as this does the saloon seek to push in where it is not wanted.

Mount Holyoke desires her next President to come to her with every possible equipment and accomplishment for the work, and so Mrs. Mead is to continue to act as President until the first of the year, in order that Miss Wooley may visit Europe and study other colleges for girls.

The different railroads of the country having offices in San Francisco have been seeking latterly the most prominent locations. It will not be long until all the business rooms in the Palace hotel block fronting on Market street will be occupied by the railway companies. For some time those who have occupied them for many years have been vacating as their leases expired, the railroads being able to pay higher rents. Among those moving out recently was the American Tract Society.

The Mormons are working hard in all parts of the world for converts, and are making them, too. A few days ago a man and wife and four daughters landed at Vancouver, B. C., from an Australian steamer, en route to the promise land of Utah. The Mormon missionaries are indefatigable workers, and they keep sending in their converts from all directions. These Australian people were won in part by the traveling missionaries and in part by friends living in Utah for some time, who wrote them that all the pleasant descriptions by Mormon elders are realized both as to climate and the opportunities for making money. It seems from this that the climate and money making features are urged by the missionaries along with the religious tenets. Doubtless in most instances they are the winning inducements.

The saloons are slowly crowding out legitimate and respectable business from certain parts of Oakland. Broadway now has twenty-eight saloons; twelve of them are between

numbers 865 and 914. The prosperous business part of Oakland is moving rapidly toward Clay street, between Fourteenth and Tenth, and it will not be long until the First Congregational church will be on the very edge of the best business portion of that city. Beginning with Broadway and going toward Clay what are called the dead-lines in business are placed at Fourteenth and Tenth on Broadway; but farther down on Washington than Tenth. This change in business, bringing the First church where it will surely be surrounded by business blocks after a few years, will lay upon it a heavy burden in taxation if the constitutional amendment for exemption should fail to be carried at the November election.

Among the Churches.

Paris has a population of 3,000,000 persons, and only 40,000 are Protestants.

Joseph Cook is again lecturing occasionally in the East. He spoke in Park Street church, Boston, Monday, on the subject, "Skipped Essentials in Pulpit and Pew."

London already faces the pressing question of insufficient provision for the temporal and spiritual needs of the people, and the population is increasing at the rate of 60,000 per annum.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, speaking recently at Birmingham, England, on the power of habitual prayer, said William Law was accustomed to sleep with his window facing the east, and to get up at five o'clock every morning of his long life, singing hymns and repeating psalms to himself as he dressed.

Not long ago three hundred Sunday-schools in Philadelphia observed Decision Day. It was a highly profitable observance in many of them. In one school more than two hundred young people are reported as entering on the Christian life. It is thought that altogether about 5,000 persons were brought to an acceptance of Christ.

New York papers of recent date stated that the committee appointed to recommend a successor to the Rev. Dr. Storrs in the Church of the Pilgrims of Brooklyn was likely to decide on the Rev. H. P. Dewey of Concord, N. H. Among the persons considered for the place was the Rev. R. H. Potter of the Reformed church at Flushing, Long Island. The former is a graduate of Andover, the latter of Chicago Seminary.

The Rev. Dr. E. Trumbull Lee of Cincinnati says concerning Dr. Mark Hopkins: "I owe a great deal to this accomplished scholar. I consider my being brought under the influence of Dr. Hopkins as one of those shaping providential events, necessary in the career of every growing man." And then Dr. Lee adds

that the personality of the teacher, in the college course, is of vastly greater importance than the character, endowment and first-class equipment of a high-grade institution.

A writer in the New York Observer places the Rev. Dr. Parker at the head of London preachers. Next to him he ranks the Rev. W. J. Dawson of the Highbury Quadrant Congregational church. In theology he is said to be more Arminian than Calvinistic. He reads his sermons. But it is said that if he were to have a congregation composed of strangers, and then impose on them the condition of keeping their eyes closed, they could not tell whether he was using paper or not.

General O. O. Howard is reported as saying in a recent conversation, and with a humorous twinkle in his eye: "After all, there are good things in the Bible—that book that needs expurgation, you know," and from a little book in his pocket he took a slip on which were the words, "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." "A little wrath," said General Howard, "and that little only for a moment; but the kindness is everlasting." And then he continued, "I have discovered that the wrath is in me, not in God toward me."

In Greater New York exclusive of Brooklyn there are 439 Protestant churches and 103 Catholic. The Episcopalians stand first in number among the Protestant churches, having 89; the Presbyterians come next with 70; and the Methodists next, with 63. Of the Presbyterian churches 60 belong to the Northern wing of that denomination, and only four of these have indebtedness. Only sixteen of the Roman Catholic churches are out of debt, and the total indebtedness on the other 87 is twenty-five per cent of their estimated value. On the great cathedral alone there is a debt of \$340,000. The total value of the Protestant churches is \$53,177,500, and their indebtedness is \$3,574,618. These figures dispute the oft-heard statement that Roman Catholics have less difficulty than Protestants in securing funds for church building and in keeping their property free from mortgages.

The San Francisco Monitor, the Roman Catholic paper for the Coast, notes as follows The Pacific's editorial on St. Patrick: "Our Congregationalist neighbor, The Pacific, approves of St. Patrick and claims a share in the right to honor his memory, on the theory that he did not belong to one 'branch' of Christ's Church, but to the Church universal. The Pacific is more conservative than sectarian organs that endeavor to identify Ireland's patron saint with their respective 'branches' of the Church, in face of the fact that these 'branch-

es" did not come into existence for many long centuries after St. Patrick's demise. It is gratifying, however, to observe this recognition of St. Patrick's title to honor among our separated brethren. Reverence for the saints of God and heroes of his Church can only result in good to those among whom it flourishes."

An Educational Meeting.

St. Louis, March 30th.

The annual meeting of the colleges and secondary schools of the Central Western States was held here to-day. President Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D., President of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O., at this evening's session, spoke on "Education in the Nineteenth Century." He said that the century has promoted the unity of educational methods and conditions, causes and results. The church has lost its representative character and commanding position. The schoolhouse has become the one center to which all interests consistently and constantly tend, and the school has itself joined together all elements of life, and returned them to the community, purified, strengthened and dignified.

In the present year no less than half a million pupils are found in the high schools of the United States. The number of high schools themselves is about six thousand. Of the 165 schools of theology now existing in the United States, three were established before 1800, 18 in the first quarter of the century, 25 in the second quarter, 72 between 1851 and 1875, and 47 in the last 25 years. At the present time, including schools of dentistry and pharmacy and veterinary medicines, as well as of medicine and law and theology, there are in the country about 550 professional schools, employing somewhat more than ten thousand teachers, enrolling about sixty thousand students, and possessing endowment and buildings and equipment to the amount of some fifty millions of dollars. In respect to endowment, it is to be said that the schools of theology are better endowed than are all other professional schools put together. The history by which, from possessing a hundred thousand dollars at the opening of the century in endowment, Harvard College has come to possess twelve millions of dollars at the close of the century, represents the expansion in endowment which has touched all the institutions of the higher education.

In the last fifty years, that great department of learning known as English Philology and Literature has secured its great and apparently lasting place in the curriculum of the American college. In 1824 it was said that there were only eight vocations open to women. The number at the present time is some four hundred.

R.

Notes and Personals.

The Rev. L. Wallace has entered on the work at Palermo and Wyandotte.

The Rev. Dr. Brooks of Berkeley occupied the pulpit at Benicia Sunday morning and evening.

On the recent Decision Day in the Sabbath-school at Martinez more than half the scholars signed the cards.

The Chinese in the Congregational Missions in Southern California are rejoicing over visits from the Rev. Dr. Pond.

The home of Rev. R. C. Brooks, the new pastor of Pilgrim church, Oakland, will be at 1121 Eighth avenue, Oakland.

The Pacific Prohibitionist says that the Rev. F. H. Wales, now working as a Prohibition evangelist, is having much success.

The Rev. J. W. Phillips of the West Oak church has been ill for several days. Rev. Walter Frear preached for him Sunday.

Rev. Miles Fisher, now of Adams, Massachusetts, has accepted a call from the churches at Mill Valley and Sausalito and will be on the field about the first of May.

During the absence abroad of the Rev., George B. Hatch of the First church of Berkeley the pulpit will be in charge of Prof. Nash of the Theological Seminary.

Prospects are brightening for Mayflower parsonage at Pacific Grove. Several generous subscriptions have been made recently. It is hoped that work may begin this month.

The Rev. M. Bercovitz will speak on the subject, "Did the Jews Crucify Jesus?" at the Hall of Israel's Hope, 1222½ Howard street, between Eighth and Ninth, on Thursday, April 12th.

A large number of persons responded to the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. McLean to meet the graduating class of Pacific Theological Seminary Monday evening, and the occasion was an enjoyable one.

A few large Gilbert Island mats and Marshall Island baskets, brought by the Morning Star, are to be had of Walter Frear at Congregational rooms. They are sold for the benefit of the Micronesian schools.

The San Diego Association meets at Escondido April 16th and 17th. The general topic will be "The Church and Its Work for the Day and Age." The program is a choice one, and a profitable meeting is anticipated.

Christians who wish to become familiar with Jewish objections to Christianity and to learn how to meet them, and to know of the work among the Jews, are invited to a didactic meeting, to be held every Tuesday, at 7:45

p. m., at the Hall of Israel's Hope, 1222½ Howard street.

The successful Saratoga Blossom Festival began with a praise service. An address was given by the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams. The success of that festival is said to have revived a village Improvement Society. A friend writes that it is hoped that it may quicken interest in the Missionary Settlement.

Rev. E. S. Williams preached at Pacific Grove last Sunday, and Rev. O. W. Lucas went to Paso Robles. The Paso Robles church has a good friend in Mr. Williams, and one who always succeeds in his undertakings. It is evident that he does not intend that the work there so nobly carried along by Mr. Belt shall end in failure.

The Fresno Republican of March 27th says: "The building being put up by the members of the Zion German Congregational church is about completed, the painting is being done and the furnishing will soon begin. Rev. Jacob Legler, who has been engaged as pastor, will not finish his term at Portland until June 1st, and regular church services will probably not commence in the new building until that time. Services are being held regularly, however, among the members themselves."

A large number of requests for subscription have been sent out from this office this week to California subscribers. Will the friends of the paper please remember that it is difficult to get in money enough to meet current expenses? It is so easy to be careless and to forget finally to send in these amounts, and this entails great worry on the one who has to meet the weekly bills. The Pacific is highly important in all our church interests, and is worthy of thoughtfulness and helpfulness from all.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, next Monday, the Rev. Dr. Willey will read a paper showing the providence of God in the part California played in those movements which led to the extinction of African slavery in the United States. This paper was suggested by one read recently by the editor of The Pacific on the subject "The Providence of God in the Extinction of African Slavery in the United States." Dr. Willey is well versed in California history, and information of value may be expected. It is good for us to trace the hand of God in history. So are we led to greater reverence for and obedience to him.

"I will hear what God the Lord will speak." How many of us place ourselves in the attitude of calm and quiet expectation to hear the voice of our Master? Are we not too often so intent on other matters that his message can not reach our hearts?

Old World Snap Shots.

By Rev William Rader.

To most American tourists the gateway of the Old World, that which opens into the land of history, tradition and art, is the city of London. It is like carrying coals to Newcastle to attempt even a snap-shot of London, so often has it been described. Everybody goes to St. Paul's—the Mt. Shasta of London, and violates the injunction of Emerson, "Set not thy foot on graves," by visiting Westminster Abbey. I shall not attempt such excursions in this letter, except to say that the devotional architecture of St. Paul's will speak to the soul much more eloquently when there is no artificial service to mar the natural ministry of that forest of stone and color. "I have never been hin thar" said a bus driver to me the other day, as we rode by, "an' hive never seen an electric car," he added, as we went thundering on in the throng. Londoners have a habit of wearing their hats everywhere except in the presence of the Queen and at church, but somehow the worst sinners among us lift our hats and bow the head under that vast dome, and I trust that some day the red-faced bus driver may at least look through the portals of the great church, even if he has no idea what the thing is that makes a car move without horses. Cathedrals are the property of the common people, where they may go and rest and pray.

London is full of streets, which may at first appear rather paradoxical. It is a maze of lanes and streets and avenues. It out-Bostons Boston. The streets must have been laid out after the paths made by early Roman, Norman or Saxon cows. Where these paths happen to meet is called a "circus," and we have, for example, Piccadilly circus and Ludgate circus. In America they would be called squares or centres or plazas. America and England are notably ignorant of each other. England is exclusive, politically and religiously. She is an aristocracy in the true sense. Comparatively few Americans are known in London. Reputations do not succeed in crossing the Atlantic. We are different in manners and customs. I can now understand why Charles Dickens wrote as he did, and why Mr. Rudyard Kipling has disobeyed the advice, "Don't travel with the idea that you are so clever and everybody else so funny." When I reached London, and alighted from the plush-lined chicken-coop of the railway carriage, I observed two things—hats and horses. I said as much to an English gentleman the other evening and he said, "Ah,—how very extraordinary; and do you not wear hats in America, and drive horses?" I explained that we did both, but that not all Americans wear "top" hats. As to horses, our more modern means of transportation have dispensed with the horse to such an extent that in comparison with

London his absence in the United States is marked. It is the silk hat, I suspect, that makes Londoners look alike. Dress a man up with a high collar, a high hat, a deep bull-dog pipe and a cane carved *à la* London, and let him gaze at you through a single-barreled eye-glass, and let eight out of ten other gentlemen of the street affect the same style, and individuality is lost in sameness. To these gentlemen things are "extraordinary," "beastly," or "nasty."

The newspapers affect a certain sober and sincere stupidity, and succeed admirably. In America the papers seek for sensations; here the papers seek to avoid sensations. But aside from sensationalism, the conspicuous absence of which is to be commended in the London press, there is a lack of real up-to-date enterprise—a certain heaviness in the papers, and a great paucity of foreign news.

The national spirit is strong. I stood this evening on Trafalgar square when the sun prophetically was sending his red arrows through the mist and brightened the face of Nelson, whose statue crowns that noble column. The great lions crouching beneath were black with shouting thousands, and the national colors were displayed on every building. The Queen was coming, and already up the street rang out the prayer from Britain's throat, "God save the Queen." And now appear the outriders, splendid in gold and lace, followed by her majesty, England's noblest queen, who bows to "her people" as she rides through "her London." Before the prancing black horses children strew flowers, men lift their hats, and the illustrious mother of them all rides through the thronged streets. It has been a long day of doubt and uncertainty, a day of national dismay; and now the ruler and the ruled rejoice together. The rejoicing began the day I reached London, the Thursday when the news came of the fall of Ladysmith. That was a great night in London. I have seen the sea awakened by the storm, when every wave was alive with power, but to see a city of millions roused in half a day as London was that night is an exhibition of enthusiasm and excitement to be seen once in a lifetime. The Union Jack fluttered from the coat lapels of lords and from the whips of cabmen. Great crowds of singing men and women and children ran through the streets and gathered in great crowds in the circuses. Intoxicated men and women joined hands and danced around the red, white and blue until the dawn of morning. It was a night of wild and uncontrolled rejoicing.

England never says a good word about France, and I should say is just a little cool toward the remainder of the world, because she has been smiled at, in a good-natured way, by other nations. There was always the party of dogged perseverance, of quiet persistency toward a given end, and there was,

Blue Monday Papers.

By W. H. G. Temple.

THE PARSON'S DOORBELL.

too, a party thoroughly frightened; not in the sense that they wished to run away, but puzzled, dazed and bewildered. There is also the party known as stop-the-war people. These were rash enough to hold a meeting in Exeter Hall last week in the interest of peace, and they were squelched by a mob. All things—even free speech—went down before the national feeling during this war. The pro-Boer sympathizer would be in danger of his life, for the feeling runs at high tide. The cry has been, "Rule Britannia!" I care not what is said by Parliament, or the press, the spirit of the street is the spirit of England, and the man of the street defies the world.

One is always reminded here that England is old. The venerable breeds conservatism. A thousand anchors hold the nation to its past. Jan Maclaren preached a sermon in the historic city Rood chapel the other day, in which he reviewed and exalted the conquests of the nation. His text was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people" (England). Everywhere we touch that great past. Across the street from where I write lies the neglected dust of Oliver Goldsmith in the Temple yard, formerly a lodge of the Knights Templar, founded at Jerusalem in the twelfth century. It is eight hundred years old, and there is no finer example of Norman architecture in London. The gardens, which once sloped down to the Thames, according to Shakespeare, grew the white and red roses which distinguished the houses of York and Lancaster. Almost within a stone's throw is the Temple Bar where the Lord Mayor gave permission to dignitaries to enter the city. Almost next door is "Ye olde Cheshire cheese," forever associated with rare Ben Jonson, and where stands the chair in which he drank his ale. I looked out to-day in what was once John Milton's garden, all of which may or may not have influence upon the people. It depends upon the people. There is every reason to believe that the historic spirit has done much for the political and literary life of modern England.

The most interesting historical spot in London is the Tower, where one sees not only the queer-looking fellows called "Beef Eaters," dressed up in loud colors and strutting about in the name of England, but where the visitor sees the relics of that brilliant barbarism which includes the names of Richard III, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, King John, and many others who were in the habit of killing and being killed. There is a grim contrast between the block, the dungeon, instruments of torture, and the sparkling jewels of the empire, all on exhibition here. But England has advanced since the days Elizabeth walked to and fro upon these sullen walls and these later days when Victoria rides through the public squares of London.

Ding—bur-r-r,—wh-r-r—bang! There it is again. What now? This is only the eleventh—it seems like the eleven hundredth this morning! How can I develop my sermon on the "Known Quantities in the Equation of the Unknowable" if I am to be called off every few minutes to see people who ought to know better than to interrupt a seething brain in the midst of its labors? Yes, I'm coming. (This in answer to my wife's sweet-voiced, "Dear, a gentleman wishes to see you.") Let me see; I have settled, at least temporarily, ten cases, so far, since I wrote that interesting sermonette title. The first was a book agent—a man. He was polite, but firm. He had no idea of my ignoring his wares. "Best book on the market—just look over this prospectus." If I didn't want to buy, would I not write a testimonial for him? So valuable a judgment as mine would be sure to convince the people. Could I give him my latest church directory, with the names of book-lovers marked, so as to facilitate his work? I would be casting my influence in favor of the best literature and the highest art. No? How strange. We always expected the ministry to aid in all good causes. He was disappointed. (Thermometer began to rise.) He had not been treated so before. (One degree higher.) He had been to my church and admired my preaching so much. (Three degrees lower.) He always came to my service when in town. In fact, he was a Congregationalist by birth and education. No, not a member, but always felt like being one when he heard me preach. (Temperature normal.) Perhaps I would take time just to look over this entrancing volume. Just a line as to its merits would be all that he would request. No? Why, this was shameful conduct. If he could not depend upon the ministers, to whom could he go? (Tube excited again.) He and others like him supported the churches, and they were quite willing to take all they could get, and yet when asked to do a little thing like this they refused.) Tube violently agitated.) Too busy? Could not spare the time? Ah, parson, that was too thin! Tell somebody who did not know better. (Tube burst—mercury flying in all directions.) Good morning, sir. Good morning and good riddance!

The second was a man who wanted a little help. He had just come out of the hospital, where he had been operated on for appendicitis. He was not able yet to stand work. If I could give him a coat or a pair of boots he would appreciate it. No, he didn't drink, yet the fumes of whisky were almost intolerable. When I told him I could not and would not help a man with liquor on his breath he grew

defiant and insulting, and the result was the prompt shutting of the half-open door.

The third was a Salvation Army lass soliciting for their cause. Of course she was successful. The fourth was a man from Iowa with a letter of introduction from a brother minister. As quickly disposed of as possible, consistent with courtesy. The fifth a child to say that mother was sick; would I kindly call? Certainly—this afternoon. The sixth another book agent—a man. Promptly dismissed. The seventh a brother in the work who had dropped in on his way East. Glad to see him (?). Sorry I was so busy as not to be able to see him longer. The eighth a man with a typewriter to sell on easy terms. Quickly dispatched. The ninth another book agent—a woman. A member of my flock—what could I do? Subscribe? Oh, certainly. Here's my name. Very busy; you must excuse me now. Gladly. I leave her doing up her bundles, and am nearly worn out with these continuous interruptions, when number ten arrives. In fact, she walks in the door just as number nine goes out. Her boy has been ill-treated at the public school. Would I investigate the matter, and see that the teacher was removed? Oh, yes, I would look into the matter and report to her later. Would she leave her address? So far away? How was it that she did not go to the neighboring minister? She once heard me preach and knew I must be a very kind man. (Blushes and a stammering reply.)

And now, after sitting a full hour, trying to get somewhere with my thoughts, and in the interim finding that all I know about the unknowable almost exactly balances all I do not know about the knowable, that plaguey old door-bell chimes up again, and I am to confront number eleven! Yes, dear, I am coming. (This to assure my patient wife that I have not gone entirely to sleep musing.)

What, you here again? (The irrepressible number one has returned, and is calmly sitting in my best easy-chair in the parlor.) You want to apologize. Thought you hurt my feelings. Want to offer me a book free for my endorsement. No sir, I don't want to see either you or your book. You fellows think ministers are a free territory for you to enter. Our time is nothing. Our feelings are not to be considered. We are to leave everything, no matter how important, and come from our serious work smiling and chipper, and hear you rattle off your perfunctory lesson, and submit to your insinuations and sneers if we do not see our way clear to do just what you ask. This is only the eleventh time I have been drawn from my study since breakfast, and I don't intend to submit to this nuisance any longer. You go. Get that front door between you and me with your quickest movement. (Tableau.)

Was I to blame? Brethren of the cloth, don't you recognize yourselves in this sketch? The public compliment us too highly. Their estimate of our patience exceeds our most glowing ambitions. The people's actions indicate that no matter how frequent or annoying these interruptions may be, we ought to sing praises because of our opportunities for usefulness. Some of the calls which take me from my study are necessary. They appeal to my sympathy and make me feel glad to be of service to suffering and sorrowing humanity. Some lie on the border line of propriety, and I always give them the benefit of the doubt, and try to make those who call feel comfortable in the act. But almost all of these interruptions are not only unnecessary but presumptuous. There seems to be no remedy, either. The book agent can assume the air of a man about to be married—then what can the minister's wife do but call her beloved? The sharpest wits are often foiled. Fooled in one way, to-day, the natural guardian of the minister's interests will be fooled another way to-morrow. I hesitate to say by placard, or proxy, that I will not see any one between the hours of 8 and 2, for fear of doing injustice to some worthy person; but I and every other pastor ought to. But, my sermon! So far only the title looks up at me from the cold, white, unsympathetic paper. Ding-bang! What now? I positively refuse. I will see no one, not even the President of the nation! Oh, the dinner-bell, not the door-bell! The whole morning has gone and nothing done. I feel like Job's brother!

The Cost and the Value

The blood of the martyrs shed in the Colosseum; the mangled remains of men, women and children tossed about by ravenous beasts in the arena; the human torches which lighted Nero's devilish revels on Roman nights; the millions who have freely given their lives as a testament to their faith—are not these things, horrible as they are in recital, to a large extent the glory and honor of the human race? As Christ gave up his life to testify to the Father, so millions have gladly gone to ignominious and horrible deaths that they might bear witness to Christ. And—leaving aside any consideration as to the truth of revealed religion, granting the full right to any human being to disbelieve every word of it—this truth shines like a star: That the world is immeasurably better and purer because of the lessons left to us by those who died for the Christ.—*Editorial in Sacramento Bee.*

General Warren, one of the British leaders in South Africa, is said to be a devout Christian, and a man somewhat of the type of the late General Gordon.

Woman's Home Missionary Union.

Work for the Chinese.

By Mrs. J. T. Agard.

[Read at the meeting in Haywards March 17, 1900.]

The work of the American Missionary Association, it scarcely need be said, is principally an educational one, though to religious ends, among the Negroes and mountain whites in the South, the Indians in the West and in Alaska, and the Chinese in California and Salt Lake City. Ten minutes would be all too short for giving any full report of either branch, and, naturally, we need to be intelligent about, and "lend a hand" to, that which has been going on at our own doors for about thirty years, quietly and without ostentation, as is characteristic of the Chinese, though, we hope, for the better reason that the Spirit of the kingdom of God is to work without observation. For twenty-six years Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., pastor of Bethany church, San Francisco, has been the efficient and beloved superintendent. The number of missions the past year was twenty. One, after five years of work, was transferred to the Presbyterians, who have a strong church in the place—Watsonville. Forty-one workers have been employed, and the converts to Christ during the year bring the total during all the years of our mission well above seventeen hundred, though in the ages to come we believe it will be revealed that so many of these have lived to the glory of God in obscure places, it may be, that many more souls have been given him as a result of the work we help sustain. For instance: At the San Bernardino Mission a visiting Chinaman—one employed in a mining camp—related this bit of his own experience: "I used to go to the mission school and learn to love God very much, but 'bime by' I go to work where I had no mission school, and I forget a good deal, but I remember school and I get hungry for God. I find no Christian people in mining camp; the people very wicked. I get awful tired, so I go in my tent one night all alone, found my hymn book and commence sing. I can't sing much, but I so lonesome I must do something, so after awhile an old white man come in and ask me, 'What I do?' Then I told him how I used to go to mission school and learn about God, but now I forget and feel hungry to know more. He said he used to be a Christian a long time ago, so he talk to me some, and I say to him, 'What you say we have meeting in my tent? You talk and I sing.' So we opened up a little meeting and folks keep coming in, so pretty soon we have pretty good meeting, and I try to do little good that way now."

From Watsonville we have this: One boy, after reading the parable of the "Mustard Seed," said: "One year few seeds are scattered around; grow up; next year whole

field; by and by all country around covered. Just so Christians. One Christian this year; next year two, three; another year whole lot. By and by Christians all over the world. So let us be faithful and every day each do our part, and may God bless us all." And one of the hopeful things is this very scattering of the seed sown, for the boys go home to China to visit their families, and the way they withstand, and finally overcome, the opposition they meet among their heathen relatives make one admire and rejoice in their steadfastness, and seriously ask one's self, "Would I do as well?" It is said their mother's tears are the hardest thing for them to stand out against, but even they are overcome, as women come to see their sons are better men and better sons for having become Christians. Naturally, San Francisco is a sort of headquarters for all the California missions, both from having the strongest mission and from the fact that those going to and from China must pass that way. We have there, at 21 Brenham Place, a four-story building, consecrated to the service of God. The first floor is used for a chapel and school-room; also is now open daily from ten to twelve as a free reading room, with a Christian man in charge, giving opportunity for personal conversations and influence—one of the means by which so many are reached in connection with the mission in Canton. In the afternoon he has classes for children in Chinese, which, it is thought, will attract some, for while learning English in the public school, it is being realized more and more that the children are not learning their own language in a way to make it of much use in a business life.

The upper stories of the building are rented to Christian Chinese families, thus forming an atmosphere of Christian home-life to all who come in contact with it. One room is for the "stranger within the gates," as he waits for his steamer. Adjoining this guest chamber is a room of especial significance, as the gas fixtures in the center would tell us if it could reveal all that takes place under its light. It is a plain little room at first glance. A bed lounge suggests more accommodation for guests when the number exceeds two. Six plain cupboards line two sides of the room, and a six-sided table and plain chairs fill the center. That is about all that the visitor sees, but if Rev. Jee Gam shows it to you, he quickly explains, first about that table. When looking among the second-hand stores for a table for the "secretaries' room," he saw it and exclaimed, "Just the thing." "Oh, no," said the proprietor, "you don't want that table; it is a 'poker table.'" "No matter," replied Jee Gam, "we will convert it; it is just right for the use of our six secretaries when they all want to use it at once—one side for each." And one cupboard belongs to each secretary

also, for our Congregational Christian Chinese in America have their "Christian Association," their "Christian Endeavor Society," their "Home Evangelization Society," the "China Congregational Missionary Society" (better known as the "China for Christ" Society, that being the motto adopted by it), the "World-Wide Missionary Society," and the "Book Lending Society"; and many are the words written, and perhaps the dollars changing hands, on that old "poker table," in the interests of the coming of the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Into the "Association of Christian Chinese" applicants are received under strict rules. The name of each one is sent to each of the twenty missions. If any one in any place knows aught against him his name is refused until he gives proof of a changed life. When received he is on probation, and under instruction from two to six months before being admitted to baptism and membership. That means also membership in the "Christian Endeavor Society," which is a part of the great society of that name, and needs no explanation; except to say that in 1897 it was announced at the convention in San Francisco that the Chinese Society ranked third in its gifts to missions. At Nashville, in 1898, it stood second; and at Detroit, in 1899, fifth, because the American societies had made advance. The work of the "Home Evangelization Society" consists, in part, of street preaching on Sunday afternoons, besides the meetings held in the chapel. The "China for Christ Society" comprises their largest mission work. It was formed in 1886 with the intention of establishing missions in each of the four districts from which most of the boys come. After doing so in the Si Ning district, it was found to be quite necessary to establish headquarters in Canton, though that city is outside the four districts referred to. The Society has had the honor of carrying the first dispensary work from village to village in Southern China, and of opening the first free reading room in Canton (or in Southern China). Through these they have given medical treatment to forty thousand and preached the gospel to more than three hundred and fifty thousand. The patients being attended by members of their families gives the missionary access to multitudes he might never reach in any other way. Recently the way opened for supporting a mission in the San Vov District, in Rev. Joe Jet's native village, and they hope soon to enter for mission work the Nov Ping and Yen Ping Districts, one of which contains Rev. Jee Gam's native village. It is one of twenty-five villages occupying a valley ten miles in diameter, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants.

The "China for Christ" Society supports, on an average, six workers, though more than

fifty of their converts have become preachers in various parts of the world. One of the Scandinavian missionaries, recently returned, said: "The best Chinese missionaries are converts from America," and Revs. Hager and Nelson of our own denomination, working in Southern China, say the same. The Society has expended \$19,000 for their work in China, or \$25,000 in the Mexican money used there. Besides that their World-Wide Missionary Society contributes \$5 per month to the work of the American Board in other parts of the world. Altogether the annual contributions of about five hundred members amount to \$5,000, and proves conclusively, we think, that the Chinese in America do not become Christians from mercenary motives, as is sometimes stated, and also that converting the Chinese in America means converting the millions in China. The Book-Lending Society is a unique invention of their own for reaching the educated classes. It provides the best books on the subject of Christianity, and offers prizes in money for the best essays on the same, thereby tempting the literati to reading and thought on the subject, and the result has been the gratifying one of leading some of those exclusive ones to the missionaries for further instruction and help. Verily, as one has said, "It takes a Chinaman to catch a Chinaman."

Besides this work for men in San Francisco, there is a separate work going on for women and children in their homes, by means of Christian lady visitors, who use every possible means for convincing them of their purely disinterested friendship and then win their consent to being taught English and the "Jesus religion." They have also a Chinese Woman's Missionary Society, which is helping to educate women in China as Bible Readers. Two will soon be ready for work, and the success they met with during their last vacation encourages us to expect great good for the Chinese women, whom it is impossible for the men to influence. Three or four years ago, a Christian Chinaman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chin Sing, went home from Portland, Ore. In their native village they worked together, and Mrs. Chin Sing's success in converting women demonstrated the fact that a work was possible where hitherto it had largely failed. That led to Mrs. Chin Sing becoming the first regularly employed native woman missionary in China. A little incident concerning one of her converts has just been made known. She was engaged to be married, and when her husband's family heard of her conversion, fearing she, too, would be used as a missionary, they notified her to be ready for her marriage in ten days. Knowing that offering food in worship to the groom's deceased ancestors would be required of her, she was greatly troubled, but finally trusted in God to

help her through the difficulty. When the time came she was led, veiled, up to the ancestral tablets on the wall, and attendants carried trays of food for her to offer. The room was filled with guests, and all eyes were upon her, expecting to see her bow and worship according to their custom, but to their surprise she simply stood there perfectly still. Her maids whispered and the guests said aloud, "The bride must worship"; but still she stood there as before, and they said more loudly, "The bride must worship." Then she spoke out clearly and decidedly, saying, "If the ancestors could eat what you desire me to offer, it would be proper for me to do so, but if they cannot eat what is the use?" This unexpected question so surprised them that a perplexed silence followed, in which, one, who evidently wished to prevent a "scene," said, "That will do," and the bride retired—a conqueror through him she had put her trust in. We may think it a small matter, but to one who knows the position of a Chinese bride in her husband's home it means a good deal. Please pray for and help support this work for Chinese women, either in our own land or in theirs. Money sent to Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland, California, Treasurer, will go as designated. Seventy dollars will support the two Bible readers about to enter upon their work for one year, and any contributions, large or small, will be gratefully received by Rev. Jee Gam, through the W. H. M. U., or from the Foreign Mission Societies.

Dr. Hillis Concerning Elections.

The sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hillis, which has created considerable comment throughout the country, was on "The Judgment Seat of Man." He considered therein the problem of the life to come with its penalties and rewards. Referring to what he called fragmentary and partial views, he spoke in part as follows:

Later on, Jonathan Edwards and the Calvinistic theologians came forward with their partial conceptions. They took the words of Solomon, where brain and nerve and stomach speak, saying to the glutton and the drunkard, "I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh"; and constructed a form of future punishment therefrom. Adam and Eve represented the race. For their sin all mankind were doomed to eternal punishment; Christ came in with a lifeboat to save a few of the lost wretches; as Edwards said: "The bigger part of men who have died heretofore have gone to hell; the whole heathen world is hopelessly doomed; against the non-elect the wrath of God is burning, the furnace hot, the flames rage and glow, and devils are waiting for their coming like lions restrained and greedy for their prey." On one page Ed-

wards says: "God holds the unconverted over the pit of hell, as much as one holds a spider or a loathsome insect over the fire," "and from time to time the generations in darkened lands, without temple, without Bible, without religious teacher, are swept into the future as the housewife lifts the lids from the glowing coals, and sweeps flies into the flames." And to-day one of our greatest denominations still includes that tremendous statement in its confession of faith, saying that certain men and angels are foreordained to everlasting death, being "particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished," and every young man who enters the Presbyterian church has to solemnly swear to believe and teach this frightful view. And every attempt to revise and expel that statement from the creed has been successfully combated by a majority that wishes to retain the doctrine. It would seem that if men believed it, reason would be shaken to its foundation. It would seem as if a man would prefer to be burned at the stake rather than hold, or assert, or charge such infinite cruelty upon the all-merciful and all-loving God. The day the scholastics wrote that chapter in the Confession of Faith they got the devil confused with God. What! Read the story of Christ's life, love, suffering and death, and then charge God with "particularly and unchangeably designing" the majority of his children to eternal torment? I would rather shake my fist in the face of the Eternal, and fling every vile epithet toward his stainless throne, where eternal Mercy sits with the world's atoning Savior, than lift my hand with that creed toward God's throne and affirm that I taught or believed it. For the man who does believe that hideous doctrine the hour of judgment has now come. His sun is already darkened; his moon is turned to blood; his stars have refused to give their light. But, for the common people driven toward utter denial and atheism by such false theology, there has arisen the light of science to reconcile contradictions, to enforce righteousness, to convict of sin and to recover men unto belief and love for God revealed in our Savior, Jesus Christ.

Many, by endeavoring to fly from temptations, have fallen precipitately into them; for it is not by flight but by patience and humility that we become superior to all our enemies. He who only declines the outward occasion, and strives not to eradicate the inward principle, is so far from conquest that the temptation will recur sooner and with greater violence, and he will feel the conflict still more severe. It is by gradual advances rather than impetuous efforts that victory is obtained; rather by patient suffering that looks up to God for support, than by impatient solicitude and rigorous austerity.—[Thomas a Kempis.

The Situation in India.

By J. E. Abbott.

The situation in India is growing worse with every week. Five millions are now on the relief works. Two hundred thousand a week are now leaving their homes, to add to that number, their wretchedness, nakedness, emaciation increasing as the days go by. Infant mortality is terrible, as without sufficient nourishment they turn into little skeletons and die. Ninety per cent of the cattle in many parts of the country are dead. The number of deserted children is steadily increasing, and when, seven months hence, the famine may be over their care will be the great problem. A unique feature of this famine is that the middle and higher classes are reduced to starvation, and their sufferings are all the more acute therefore as they fall to the conditions of wretchedness they never before knew. At least 25,000,000 are on the verge of starvation, and their cry for food is a cry the world must hear and hear quickly, for the horrors of the situation darken with every day. Extracts from letters as follows will show, in part, the condition:

Mr. S. Karmarkar of Ahmednagar, describing a relief camp, says: "In one of the camps there are over 6,000 people at work—overhead is the burning, blistering, summer sun; under foot the baked earth and hot stones. The people are sitting in long rows, generally according to families and castes, crushing stones with small hammers. Ragged clothes, bare backs, bare heads, blistered hands, bruised fingers and weary faces bespeak their hard lot. This scene easily suggests the awful battle against starvation. But they are toiling on without much complaint. They are not driven by hard task masters; they are gathered there to be saved from hunger. There are many Christian people there gathered from the neighboring villages for work. It is hard to see our Christian brothers and sisters toiling so in the intense heat, enduring such hardships, but they bear and share the hard lot for the most part with Christian spirit."

Extract from Lord Curzon's speech at Calcutta, February 17th, regarding the four millions then on relief work:

"No such number of persons has ever before been simultaneously relieved by any government in the world. But I am constrained to admit that, in spite of every legitimate precaution that may be taken, these totals are not likely to prove the maximum, but that in the spring and summer months that lie before us they will be substantially increased."

Southern Branch.

The tenth anniversary of the Southern Branch is about to be celebrated. It is with thanksgiving that we go up to Santa Barbara for this celebration—thanksgiving for this or-

ganization—a channel through which we may reach the needy nations and help carry out our Lord's commands; and as one of our new auxiliaries expresses it, "We are glad to know there is this way close at hand for us to reach the heathen."

Thanksgiving, that we are permitted in this way to be workers in the kingdom, surely a way made easy for us.

Thanksgiving, that during these ten years we have been able to send ten thousands dollars through the treasury of our Woman's Board of the Pacific, besides a considerable sum that has been sent direct to special causes.

Thanksgiving, too, that this year we have been able to exceed our aim of \$1,700, and the treasurer has found these latter days full, busy and happy.

The tenth anniversary exercises at our annual meeting, on the evening of April 8th, will consist of a review of the organization and the results of these years in the seven missions where our offerings go.

Following the usual review of the past year's work by foreign and home secretaries, treasurers, etc., on April 9th, there will be a tender hour of reminiscence, when the devotion, love and zeal of past workers, many of whom are now in the heavenly home, will be brought to remembrance.

We cannot have with us any of our missionaries this time, but having seen and heard Rev. Mr. Dorward of our South African mission quite widely so recently, and having the expectation of greeting Miss Denton of Japan among us next month, the lack will in this way be made up.

The close ties of fellowship between the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California and the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P. make our annual meetings together doubly pleasant and profitable.

The R. R. rate to Santa Barbara, obtained of the Southern Pacific Road, for April 8th and 9th, is \$3.50, round trip, from Los Angeles, and other places in proportion.

The reactionary program of the Empress Dowager of China is already bearing bitter fruit. There are continued reports of violence offered the missionaries, and it really seems as if the foreign feeling might culminate in a great war. Our own Government, which was said last week to be sending a fleet to participate with the German fleet in a hostile demonstration, has really nothing of the kind in view. It had simply sent a single vessel to protect American missionaries in certain exposed quarters. It is difficult to prophesy what the end will be or how soon it may come.

The faith, Christ with me, can make the poorest and the hardest life luminous, joyous, glorious.—[Wavland Hoyt.

The Busy World.

When 239,631 families had been visited in the taking of the religious census in Philadelphia only twenty-two persons had been found who claimed to be atheists or agnostics.

The largest orchards in the world are said to be near Rodney, West Virginia. They contain 250,000 peach and plum trees. Pictures of these orchards will be exhibited at the Paris Exposition.

Robert Ogden, a prominent New York business man, says that the book of Proverbs is the best manual a business man can find. That compilation of thousands of years ago the world has not yet bettered.

The Churchman says: "We have heard enough and too much of the decline of church-going. Before men busy themselves with any further explanations of the fact, it would be as well to inquire if it is a fact at all. We believe that to-day a larger part of the American population will be found in church on Sunday than would have been the case at any period in our history."

The theory of Mr. Matthias Dunn, a Cornish fishing expert, that fishes emit sounds which are understood by their fellows, is confirmed by Professor Kollicker of the Naples Aquarium, who has wrapped himself in a diving suit and has been let down to the bottom of the Mediterranean in an iron cage lit up by electricity. With the aid of a powerful receiver and a specially constructed phonograph he has registered the expressions of surprise with which the fish welcomed his appearance. He notes that the sound made by one fish differs greatly from that of another, and has summed up the results of his experiment in the conviction that the sounds produced by fishes will yet be recognized as a language.

The recent annual report of the Silk Association of America states that sixty-two new silk mills have been started in the United States in the past twelve months. Silk manufacture is one of the oldest industries in this country, but prior to the Civil War the value of the home product amounted to little more than ten per cent of the entire consumption. Statistics gathered in the census year 1890 showed that the American factories then produced fifty-five per cent of the total consumption, the output being valued at over \$87,000,000 in one year. In 1890 the value of American-made silk ribbons alone exceeded \$17,000,000. Since that time great strides have been made in silk manufacture, and Pennsylvania has taken a prominent part in the establishment of new silk mills. There are quite a number of towns in Pennsylvania which

were formerly classed as iron manufacturing localities, but which have now become better known as silk manufacturing centers.

In his sermon of comfort for England Ian Maclaren said: "I do not, when I strike so high a note, forget 'England's sins'; for against the Eternal we have sinned and in our own generation by inordinate love of material possessions, by discord between the classes of the commonwealth, by a certain insolence which has offended foreign peoples, and also by hideous sins of the flesh. Our sins have been great, and it becomes us to acknowledge them, as I hope during this winter we have been acknowledging them, with broken and contrite hearts. Does our sin destroy our calling? Does our sin break the covenant which the Eternal made with our fathers? No people ever sinned against God like Israel, for there was no commandment they did not break; there was no insult to the Eternal which they did not offer; and I declare that between the sin of Israel and the sin of England, God's two chosen peoples of ancient and modern times, there has been the similarity which arises from the sins of people in the same position. Both boasted themselves over-much against other peoples, both were intoxicated with prosperity, both depended upon themselves instead of utilizing and consecrating the favor of the Most High."

"We need a careful restatement for Christians of the responsibility of wealth," says the Rev. Dr. Frederic Huntington of the Episcopal Church. "Strong and solemn are St. Paul's words, 'Having food and raiment.' One of the most distinguished of living men I once heard say that luxury was like the strings with which the Liliputians tied Gulliver; each thread was weak in itself, so that any one could break it, but together they held him fast—more tightly than strong cords. So with the little things of luxury. They grow upon people; the things we say 'we cannot do without.' In their accumulation they tie society down, and make us the slaves of innumerable wants not really requisite for life or health or happiness. We want to restate the obligation of Christian simplicity. We want to press upon Christians the conviction that wealth is not a justification of selfish luxury, but a solemn trust for the good of mankind." The nation struggles with the problem of competition—an honest problem perhaps on both sides. "What is more likely to allay the heat of the conflict than the manifest moderation, self-denial and temperate living of those who 'have,' before the eyes of those who 'have not'? Then 'whether one member be honored all the members will rejoice with it.' In Christ's brotherhood there will be no famine, because no luxury, and no rebel temper, because no tyrant of the flesh."

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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A Wide-Awake Society.

The Congregational church of Forest Grove, Oregon, has a wide-awake Woman's Missionary Society, judging by its dainty program for 1899-1900, a copy of which floated down in our direction not long since. The Society does not confine itself to foreign missions entirely, but devotes some of its time to other forms of work. It also solicits help in its work from other members of the Church than those immediately belonging to it; in that way extending the interest in missionary work through the whole body. The plan seems to be to appoint three ladies to have charge of each month's meeting, different ones being in charge each month. They meet at three p. m., and sometimes, at the close of the meeting, tea is served.

Let us glance through the program. Beginning in November, 1899, the subject of the meeting was "Marys and Marthas, or Woman and Home Missions." For December, it was "Conditions in the Non-Christian World in 1800. Triumphs of Christianity in One Hundred Years"; for January, 1900, "Through Western Windows, A. M. A."; for February, "John G. Paton and the South Sea Islands." At this meeting were given "Glimpses of the Life of John G. Paton," a "Map Study of the South Sea Islands," "Influence of Missions in the Sandwich Islands," and "A Sketch of Mrs. Logan's Life." The March meeting was devoted to the C. E. S., with papers on "Higher Education," and "Light in Dark Places." In April will be considered "From Darkness to Dawn in Africa." In May, the "A. M. A. Work in the South" will be the subject. In June will be taken up "Old and New Japan," while in July the work of the C. C. B. S. will be discussed in a paper on "Church Homes." In August they will have "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang." In September occurs the Annual Meeting, when they will talk about "Children and the Church, C. S. S. and Pub. Soc." This interesting and suggestive series ends in October, with a "Thank-Offering" meeting and a paper on "The Century's Appeal to Christian Women."

It is a good thing to know of the methods pursued in other places, so we offer no apologies to the ladies of Forest Grove for making their program public. Not every society is

able to make up its program for the whole year at once. Doubtless there will be many who will be glad to draw inspiration for their own meetings from this program; it is full of ideas. Perhaps, for some churches, it would be wise to get the roughly acquainted with our own missionaries, especially those who are supported by the Board of the Pacific. They work hard, doing the work which, in most cases, it is impossible for us to go and do ourselves; they deserve many more of our thoughts than we give them. As we study about them, reading about their daily lives, as occasion offers, and looking on the map to find out something of their location, it becomes easy to pray for them day by day in an intelligent manner. Increased knowledge broadens one's mental horizon, so in learning about others, we benefit ourselves.

Don't Wait for Your Opportunity.

Make it, as Lincoln made his in the log cabin in the wilderness. Make it, as Henry Wilson made his during his evenings on a farm, when he read a thousand volumes while other boys of the neighborhood wasted their evenings. Make it, as the shepherd boy Ferguson made his when he calculated the distance of the stars with a handful of beads on a string. Make it, as George Stephenson made his when he mastered the rules of mathematics with a bit of chalk on the sides of the coal wagons in the mines. Make it, as Douglass made his when he learned to read from scraps of papers and posters. Make it, as Napoleon made his in a hundred important situations. Make it, as the deaf and blind Helen Keller is making hers. Make it, as every man must who would accomplish anything worth the effort. Golden opportunities are nothing to laziness, and the greatest advantage will make you ridiculous if you are not prepared for it. —[Orison Swett Marden, in the March number of Success.]

In 1800 only seven thousand native communicants had been regularly enrolled in Protestant mission churches. There are now one million three hundred thousand communicants, while adherents have increased from fifteen thousand to three and a half million, and this in addition to the multitudes that have gone to their reward, having witnessed a good confession. These converts are centers of Christian salt and light which are daily working wonders in the transformation of the corruption and darkness of heathenism."

Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.

To persuade one soul to lead a better life is to leave the world better than you found it.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

The Daughter of Jairus Raised (Mark v: 22-24; 35-43.)

LESSON III. April 15, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“*Be not afraid, only believe*” (Mk. v: 36).

Introduction.

Parallel Passages: Matt. ix:18-26; Luke viii:41-56.

Time: Late in the summer of 28 A. D.

Place: Capernaum.

Since the Last Lesson: The last two lessons were taken from the Sermon on the Mount. Immediately after the delivery of that sermon Jesus healed the centurion's servant (Matt. viii:5-13; Luke vii:1-10). That event was followed by the raising of the son of the widow at Nain (Luke vii:11-17). Just at that time came messengers from John the Baptist, with a message to Jesus (Matt. xi:2-19; Luke vii:18-25). That message occasioned the words of the Master in Matt. xi:20-30. Shortly thereafter Jesus, while dining at a Pharisee's house, had his feet anointed with precious ointment (Luke vii:36-50). Luke viii:1-3 continues the account of the circuit upon which Jesus was at the time, being accompanied by certain women and others, “who ministered unto him of their substance.” The next recorded event was that of the healing of the demoniac, an event which was the occasion of blasphemy on the part of the scribes and Pharisees (Matt. xii:22-37; Mark iii:19-30; Luke xi:14-23, and a further demand that Jesus should show them a sign (Matt. xii:38-45; Luke xi:24-36). At the same time Jesus defined his true kindred as those who did the will of the Father (Matt. xii:46-50; Matt. iii:31-35; Luke viii:19-21). It was at this time apparently that Jesus adopted the parabolic method of address, and spoke a number of parables concerning the kingdom (Matt. xiii:1-53; Mark iv:1-34; Luke viii:4-18). Next came the trip across the sea and the stilling of the tempest (Matt. viii:18-27; Mark iv:35-41; Luke viii:22-25; ix:57-62), then the healing of the Gadarene demoniac (Matt. viii:28-9:1; Mark v:1-21; Luke viii:26-40).

In accordance with the narrative of Matthew, it was held that Matthew's feast took place, not at the same time as his call, but immediately preceding the events of this present lesson (see Lesson XI, March 18th). According to Matt. ix:18, the entreaty of Jairus in behalf of his daughter came to Jesus, while he was speaking the words which all the synoptists state were attested at Matthew's demoniac (Matt. viii:28; ix:1; Mark v:1-21; v:20-30).

While on the way, in response to Jairus' petition, Jesus healed the woman with the issue

of blood—a miracle especially precious because of the many instructive lessons taught by it.

Critical Notes.

V. 22. Jairus was a man of influence and prominence, as his position in the synagogue indicated. He belonged to the class especially prominent in their opposition to Jesus. But the anxiety that was his concerning his daughter made him a suppliant before Jesus. This was the period in which Jesus was working many miracles. How natural that Jairus should turn to him! His falling at Jesus' feet indicated not only his deep solicitude for his daughter, but also his reverence for Jesus himself.

V. 23. It did not take him long to make known his wants. There was a singular directness in his plea. Luke tells us that the child was twelve years of age, and “lay a dying.” The slight variations in the evangelists may all have been uttered by the father in his urgent entreaties. He believed that Jesus could heal his daughter by the touch of his hand. Hence, his pressing earnestness.

V. 24. Nor was his entreaty in vain, for Jesus immediately accompanied him. Almost each step increased the density of the crowds about them. It was out of this crowd that the woman came who sought to touch the hem of Jesus' garment; believing that she would thereby be healed. Nor was his touch unheeded, for virtue went out of him, and healed her instantly.

V. 35. It was while he was still speaking to the woman that the message came to Jairus, informing him that it was too late—his daughter was dead. They considered it useless for him to trouble the Master further, as the matter was now beyond his help. Those who sent the message in their doubt limited the power of Jesus.

V. 36. Fortunately Jesus overheard the message. Without waiting to hear it repeated by Jairus, the Master mercifully bid him “Be not afraid, only believe.” He would strengthen Jairus' faith. If the poor woman's faith had been triumphant, why not also Jairus'? “If our Lord's power had availed for the healing of the obstinate disease, which defied all human skill, would it not prevail also to rescue the ruler's child from the very jaws of death?”

Vs. 37-38. When they reached the house, the Master took with him only his three favored disciples. As they entered the house they heard the noise of the hired mourners. “Musical instruments were used by the Jews as well as by the heathen in their lamentations for the dead, to soothe the melancholy of surviving friends by soft and solemn notes, and there were persons who made it their business to perform this while others sung to their music.”

V. 39. To Jesus their wailing was doubly

useless. In the first place, because it was that of hired mourners; and second, because he proposed to rescue the victim from death. Jesus did not mean to deny the actual death of the child, but this death was more like sleep, because he was about to awake her out of sleep. Their "tumult" then was unbecoming in view of what he was about to do.

V. 40. That they were hired mourners is evident from the fact that they jeered and laughed at Jesus' words. Had they had any real personal interest in the child, they could not have acted in such a way.

V. 41. Taking the father and mother and the favored three where the dead one was laid out, he took her hand, and speaking in Aramaic, bid the child arise. Alford says, "Tali-tha, in the ordinary dialect of the people, is a word of endearment addressed to a young maiden, so that the words are equivalent to, 'Come, my child!'"

V. 42. Mark, with his characteristic "straight way" informs that she immediately arose and walked. He also adds a statement as to the effect upon those in the room—"They were astonished with a great astonishment."

V. 43. The injunction not to tell of the miracle was doubtless occasioned by the desire to avoid such notoriety as might lead to excitement and possibly tumult. Meyer says, "It is observable that such prohibitions are confined to occasions on which miracles were wrought privately, and that no similar prohibition was ever given in reference to our Lord's teaching."

Some Important Truths in this Lesson.

1. No one is ever a true suppliant at Jesus' feet in vain.
2. True prayer is always earnest and direct.
3. True faith always is rewarded by some gracious response by the Master.
4. The best person to whom to turn in times of distress is the Master.
5. His sympathetic response to his people is quick and powerful.

President McKinley has ordered that, so far as possible, the Department of American Exhibits at the Paris Exposition shall be closed on Sunday. This action is worthy of all commendation. The people of Paris hardly know the Sabbath day, excepting as a day of pleasure. If the representatives of Protestant nations, and especially of America, would adhere religiously to the principle underlying the President's order, it would be an object lesson of far-reaching value in the French capital.

God makes the earth bloom with roses, that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; he makes it bear thorns, that we may yearn to look for something better beyond.

Death and Our Beloved.

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it hath laid them low;
When it hath set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel's face;
Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten notes of tenderness,
This little loving, fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which too late we learn the price!
It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.
It shows how such a vexing deed
Was only generous nature's weed,
Or some choice virtue run to seed
How that small, fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been had love been less;
This failing, at which we repined,
But the dim shade of day declined,
Which should have made us doubly kind.
Thus doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low;

Then let love antedate the work of death
And do this now!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it hath laid them low;
When it hath set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part
And brands it in upon the heart,
With caustic power and cruel art.
The small neglect which may have pained,
A giant stature will have gained
When it can never be explained;
The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;
The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,
But never will be needed, more!
It shows our faults like fires at night;
It sweeps their failings out of sight;
It clothes their good in heavenly light.
O Christ, our life! foredate the work of Death,
And do this now!
Thou who art love, thus hallow our beloved,
Not Death, but Thou!

—Unknown.

Advice for School Girls.

The principal of one of the large city schools, a man of superb physique, as well as fine intellectual endowments, gives his sensible advice to the young girls under his care:

"Study hard while you study. Put your whole mind into your work and don't dally.

"Begin your study early in the evening, but stop before nine o'clock.

"Take a little recreation before retiring, to change the current of thought and to rest your head.

"Be in bed before ten o'clock. The sleep thus obtained before midnight is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and a glow to the cheek.

"Take care of your health. That is first. If you need to do more studying, rise at six in the morning."—[Phrenological Journal.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Bread of Life (John vi: 24-40).

Topic for April 15th.

Easter Meeting.

The value of a past event is in its effect upon present life. If patriotism were to die out in America, there would be no reason for observing the Fourth of July or Decoration Day. So the value of making much of Easter is not in the past event but in the effect of the resurrection of Christ upon present experience. It ought to be the effort of all Endeavorers at this anniversary to make the Easter celebration a present-day matter. The resurrection of our Lord is not something to be recalled at stated times, as one might take occasion now and then to rehearse the appearance of a beautiful comet in our heavens fifty years ago. Indeed, it might obscure the brightness and cheer of this anniversary if much time were given to proving that Jesus really died; that great pains were taken to secure the place of his sepulture; that abundant evidence of his subsequent appearance among men existed; and that the early church used this fact in pressing its claims upon the convictions of men.

* * *

What men need to-day in this matter is the thought of the perpetual Easter. The death, the burial, the tomb, the guard, the rolling away of the stone, the angels' appearance, the first words of Jesus, and the consternation of the disciples are all interesting facts. But all these are as nothing compared with the infinite knowledge and exhaustless hope that came to man that day and continue to flood the lives of the generations of this very time. We can not warm men who are shivering with the cold by an eloquent address on the origin of the sun; or by showing photographs of its spots, corona or eclipse. Even the spectrum is a poor remedy for a chill. But it is the present glowing sunshine that we must have. We want the warm rays to-day to burn up the fog, temper the winds, heat the soil, start all nature into beautiful life, and send life-thrills into the veins of every living being.

* * *

We are not celebrating an Easter of nineteen centuries ago. It is the Easter of to-day that is to fix our vision and call forth our song. On that ancient day death was conquered before the eyes of men. With that event men saw what before they had dreamed of, heard of and had been promised—a deathless life. They beheld one like unto themselves passing through the battle of life and going down into the grave with all the hopelessness that torture and death could give to his experience. But

they saw, too, that it was only passing through death; it was not remaining in it. Out of it he came beautiful, radiant, glorified. When Jesus Christ stepped forth from that tomb, a new voice came to the world. For the first time men heard these words: "I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of death and of the place of the dead." From that conquering hand men took those keys. Death was no longer a prison house. It was the twilight of immortal day. Instead of menacing all the future by its scowls and its darkness, it became the fascination of expectancy. It put unheard-of songs into the voices of men. They pushed out into the experiences of life singing: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us"; "This mortal must put on immortality"; "Death is swallowed up in victory, O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?"

* * *

Death, in its stately procession, still marches on. The mourners are yet going about the streets. We have as much need as ever to keep the hand of him who has the keys of death. It is because he is at our side to-day that we sing our anthems and scatter the lilies on this Easter. Some of us have just turned the sods over the form of a loved one. Others of us are just counting the days when we will pass out of the sunshine of earth. But it is Easter to us all. This deathless life in Christ Jesus is ours. We can go with our friends to the grave with this new song. We can step into its recesses ourselves with radiant faces, for immortality shines through from every side.

What has this to do with the "Bread of Life"? Much every way. We have learned that there are worse things in this world than the death of the body. We have seen that a man may be dead without dying. Easter shows us how to die and live all the more. There is bread upon which we can feed which brings the death of all that ought to perish; but it is the life of all that ought to live forever. There never was an Easter so full of joy and victory as this of to-day. Nothing is dying that ought to live; nothing can live that ought to die. The world has more of Christ the Conqueror than ever before. If we are conscious of more within that ought to die, we have only to take more of Christ and it will die. And the more of us that dies in him the more of his life will remain in us.

The Word of God—the truth, the reason, the wisdom, by which men and angels live—abideth forever. That word is in the ancient books; it is in the modern mind; it is hidden in our hearts; it is old as eternity; it is young as the morning.—[Charles G. Ames.]

Home Circle.

The Man with the Hoe.

[The New York Sun offered a prize of \$400 for the best poem replying to Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe." The judges were T. B. Aldrich and E. C. Stedman, and the prize was awarded to John Vance Cheney, formerly of this city, but now of Chicago. His lines are here reproduced.]

Nature reads not our labels "great" and "small,"
Accepts she one and all

Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;
All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him.

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and clod.

With nature is no "better" and no "worse,"
On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is, and bowed, so is he crowned
Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the stern road
Where bears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low,
With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong;
Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions, "This one, shall he stay?"
She answers, "Yea" or "Nay."

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings," and he bides on,
Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler strength and grace,
So fitted to his place

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds blow,
Our brother with the hoe.

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;
Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest;
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him, and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him;

Long wrought and moulded him with mother's care
Before she set him there.

And aye she gives him, mindful of her own,
Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may not rise,
She makes the field his skies;

See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot,
He serves her. Vex him not

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit
And what was digged from it;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
The earth-sword in his hand

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go.

Two Death Beds.

Whenever I speak to parents, says D. L. Moody, two fathers come before me. One lived on the Mississippi river. He was a man of great wealth. One day his eldest son had been borne home unconscious. They did everything that man could do to restore him, but in vain. Time passed, and after a terrible suspense he recovered consciousness.

"My son," the father whispered, "the doctor tells me you are dying."

"Oh," said the boy, "you never prayed for me, father; won't you pray for my lost soul now?"

The father wept. It was true he had never prayed. He was a stranger to God. And in a little while that soul, unprayed for, passed into its dark eternity.

The father has since said "that he would give all his wealth if he could call back his boy, only to offer one short prayer for him."

What a contrast is the other father! He, too, had a lovely son, and one day he came home to find him at the gates of death. His wife was weeping, and she said:

"Our boy is dying; he has had a change for the worse. I wish you would go in and see him."

The father went into the room and placed his hand upon the brow of his dying boy, and could feel the cold, damp sweat gathering there; the cold, icy hand of death was feeling for the cord of life.

"Do you know, my son, that you are dying?" asked the father.

"Am I? Is this death? Do you really think I am dying?"

"Yes, my son, your end on earth is near."

"And will I be with Jesus to-night, father?"

"Yes; you will soon be with the Savior."

"Father, don't weep; for when I get there I will go straight to Jesus and tell him that you have been trying all my life to lead me to him."

God has given me three children, and ever since I can remember I have directed them to Christ. I would rather they carried this message to Jesus—that I had tried all their lives to lead them to him—than have all the crowns of the earth; I would rather lead them to Jesus than give them the wealth of the world.—[Christian Press.]

Moody's Gifts and Convictions.

Mr. Moody's native gifts would have insured public attention in almost any line. It is a superficial discernment which allows his literary and scholastic deficiencies to obscure the real proportions of his massive manhood. Grammatical and rhetorical niceties are not the final test of intellectual greatness or of genuine culture. When one recalls the least of Mr. Moody's enterprises—his mission school, or his tabernacle, or his Bible train-

ing schools, or his colportage, to say nothing of the larger enterprises involved in his unprecedented evangelistic tours and his educational work at Northfield, the attempt to abate one item of his true intellectual worth and greatness by reference to his halting grammar, is utterly unworthy. The measure of Cromwell's soul is not to be determined by the wart on his nose. * * *

Mr. Moody's prototype in the character of his experiences was the lad at Dothan, who, when his eyes were opened, saw the realities of the invisible world. Mr. Moody's preaching was a succession of visions; "I see" is the ever-recurring expression. This quick and vivid sense of the spiritual world created an atmosphere for him in which passion found but fitful fuel and grace a steady nourishment. That God is all—in all, through all and above all—that in him we live and move and have our being and our well-being; that there is not a process of nature which does not in some way express him and serve him; that every slightest movement of creation is of him, by him and for him—this Mr. Moody believed with all his mind and heart and soul and strength, till it was impossible to confront him anywhere without the sense that God himself was near at hand. It was this conviction, expressing itself in his untheological way, that made Mr. Moody a "literalist" in his view of the Bible, and an even more audacious "literalist" in his view of prayer; it was this conviction that gave him that serene and happy faith which for nearly forty years enabled him to show to a doubt and world-ridden age the splendor of the strength of man in fellowship with God.—[The Chautauquan.

Decadence of Family Life.

"There are other and graver facts of which I can but hint here which prove how deep is the decadence of the old sacred family life, and how rapidly the instinct of motherhood is dying out among our women," writes, "An American Mother" in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. "One is the rapid and enormous increase of divorces in this country, especially in the northeastern farming States. It is not only the gay, self-indulgent husband and wife who tire of each other, but the plodding farmer and the woman who is old and worn-out with work. Another fact, even more tragic and significant, is the number of childless homes in the Northern States. Hundreds of the oldest leading American families have become extinct in the last decade. The women of these families were notably active in public work. So large has been the decrease of births of American parentage in one section of this country that there is a real danger that the native stock will entirely die out. There are darker depths here which I shall not uncover. All women have looked into them."

The Home Wedding.

"For the home wedding," writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*, "the house is made bright with flowers. The mother and sisters of the bride receive the guests. The father first appears when he enters the room with his daughter. As the hour strikes the clergyman takes his place, facing the company, followed by the bridegroom, and his best man, who stand at his left, awaiting the bride. Two ushers mark off an aisle with broad white ribbons, attaching them at the ends, and they precede the rest of the bridal party, who enter at the farthest corner of the room. The bridesmaid or maids follow the ushers, and the bride comes last with her father. Or, the ushers may precede the best man and the one bridesmaid, and the bride and bridegroom follow. At a house wedding they often have no attendants and rarely any music. At the conclusion of the service the clergyman congratulates the bride and bridegroom and then retires. They then turn to be greeted, first by their parents, next by the members of the two families and near relatives, afterwards by every one present. All wish them happiness. Refreshments are served in the dining room, and may be simple or elaborate, as one chooses."

Caring For What the World Says.

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try, to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All the caring for what people say is from pride. Hoist your flag, and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secret things will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble yourself to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it saves you.

Roll your burden on God, and he will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong.

Here I am, a lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mold me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as thou wilt, but I rely on thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort which comes from this!—[General Gordon.

The Psalmist was confident that God would hear his prayer and grant to his people the blessings they needed—peace, salvation, glory, mercy, truth, righteousness and prosperity. These are the things our Church and Nation need; let us pray for them, and, if we live as we pray, they shall be ours.

Find your purpose and fling your life out to it. Try to be somebody with all your might.

That Missionary Box.

We have a missionary chest—
That's me and Tommy Brent—
A pretty box, all painted red,
When mother gave it us she said:
"This is for punishment."

"You are too fond of quarreling;
Now promise me this minute,
Whene'er you say a naughty word,
Or feel your angry passions stirred,
You'll drop a penny in it."

Of course, we promised her; and yet
It seemed to us so funny—
Without a quarrel, don't you see?
Our little box would empty be,
And missions get no money.

And so we planned a big dispute,
And when the quarrel ended,
Because we each had done our best,
We put a nickel in the chest;
Don't you think it was splendid?

—*Exchange.*

Gentlemen of Yesterday and of To-Day.

THE IMITATION.

"Excuse me, madam, but I am waiting upon this—gentleman." As a result of this polite check to my haste upon the part of the clerk, I was obliged to give up all idea of catching the train for which I was hurrying, and with a sigh of resignation I seated myself beside the counter, and glanced casually at my rival, who had been addressed with such evident reluctance as "this—gentleman." That he had not noticed and resented that hesitancy was only too apparent; and surprised by this fact, I looked more closely at him. I did not wonder, then, that she had hesitated, and that he had not resented it, for he was not—to my way of thinking—even outwardly a gentleman. To be sure, his clothes were fashionably cut and fitted him well, and his hat and cane were of the latest style; but the hand which rested upon the counter near me, although adorned with an expensive ring in which a diamond was set, was positively unclean, the nails being deplorably edged with black. I think that I could have found some excuse for him not being a gentleman in this respect, but I could not for his staring at the clerk in the way that he did. The very expression of his eyes was an insult, and I saw that she resented it as keenly as I did, for, after placing his parcel on the counter before him, she moved toward me with an air of such cool indifference and dignity that he went away looking rather embarrassed by the snub she had given him.

THE GENUINE.

Now, boys, both she and I knew that in the eyes of some people, even in these enlightened days, this fashionable appearance would have given him the right to the title of a "gentleman"—not even excepting the untidy condition of those neglected hands—but it seldom

needs more than a second glance for the discerning eye to prove the validity of that title. In Europe, about a century or two ago, a man was considered a gentleman whose apparel was of costly and fashionable make, and whose manners were stamped with the court etiquette of the period. It mattered not at all what his moral character might be, nor that those fine manners were of the exterior only; his magnificent appearance was sufficient to make a gentleman of him. Strangely enough, passed down through the years of higher education and progress which have elapsed since these elegant dandies lived and stirred the social world, we possess as an inheritance from this extravagance in dress the fine, discriminating intuition which dress—or let me say condition of dress—is absolutely necessary as a distinctive mark of the true gentleman. Now, when casually considered, this statement may seem somewhat appalling, but I want you to recall the fact of how careful I was to say "a condition of dress." This almost explains itself. For you can see now that I do not mean that the clothes you wear must be of fashionable cut, or even free from shabbiness—these are minor details, although desirable in themselves—but what I do mean is that they should be immaculate in their appearance in the matter of freedom from unsightly spots and dust. I knew a young man who was determinedly working his way up the ladder of success in business, and who was necessarily economical in the expenditure of every cent. He laughingly told me that one night after a hard day's work he walked four miles (city miles) to save five cents' car-fare to put with five cents more which he had laid away, that he might buy a whisk-broom to keep his clothes clean. He added, further, that he felt then as though he were putting on a new suit of clothes every morning, for he brushed them so hard that they seemed to feel encouraged to keep up an air of respectability on their own account. In this same confession he said that he "shaved" his cuffs regularly every time they came out of the wash; but, he added triumphantly, they were clean, for his economy stopped dead short of dirt in any shape or form.

There is something pathetic as well as amusing in the confession of this young friend of mine, but I wish you could see him. He's the most popular boy in the circle in which he moves. The boys like him immensely, as well as the girls, and he is universally held up as an example of the most perfect little gentleman of his age. I've caught him more than once cleaning the spots from the coat and waistcoat of his younger brother, because "he wanted Ted to look as well as act the part of a gentleman." He had caught the true meaning of the word, you see, and he wanted Ted to learn it, too.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I wonder how many of you know what that means? I know that you have heard it at least a score of times, and almost always applied to some elderly man. You wonder why it should be applied to old men, and not to those belonging to our generation, don't you? Well, I'll tell you why. Fifty years or so ago, when these elderly men were young men, they were taught the meaning of a word which I fear, alas, you have never fully grasped. It looks better and is lived better spelled with capitals—it is R-E-V-E-R-E-N-C-E. Reverence for women and children, for the weak, the aged, and the wretched, the outcast, the latter a pitying reverence, because it is extended unto all things the Creator has fashioned after his own likeness. The stately courtesy of their home life in its relation to their treatment of their mothers and sisters was marked by such consideration and dignity, that it has made those lovely dames the envy of their less fortunate sisters of to-day. Boys, they say that when the last of these "gentlemen of the old school" have passed away, we mothers and sisters must look in vain for this reverence for our sex—that we can never hope to find it in the sons and brothers in our homes to-day. Boys, is this true?

There is a saying which runs something in this wise: "To thine own self be true, then it shall follow, as the day the sun, thou canst be false to no man." If you would know all that it means to be true to yourself, just run over a list of your characteristics, and see what you possess—the good points, I mean, for in these only can you be true to yourself. If generosity, then if you are not generous in word and deed you are "untrue" to yourself there. If you are naturally truthful, and the fear of consequences prevents your telling the truth, you fail there. If you are courteous to outsiders, and the familiarity of relationship makes you treat your mother and sister with impatient rudeness, you are false to your higher self there. Cultivate that higher self, dear boys, and the little faults will die of sheer neglect.—[Christian Work.]

How a Little Girl Started a Revival.

An exchange tells a story about a little girl who went into a neighboring town, where there was a revival. She attended the meeting, and heard the story of the cross, and gave herself to Jesus.

When she returned home she went to an old man who was a Christian, and said to him:

"Can't we have a prayer-meeting?"

"We?" said he; "I don't know of another Christian in the district."

"Well," said she, "you are a Christian and I am a Christian; can't we have a prayer-meeting?"

"Well," said he, "we can say 'we' then."

They did have a prayer-meeting. The next day two or three more came. God answered their prayers, and now between twenty and thirty have found the Savior.

In this day of activity there is great danger, not of doing too much, but of praying too little for so much work. These two—work and prayer, action and contemplation—are twin sisters. Each pines without the other. We are ever tempted to cultivate one or the other disproportionately. Let us imitate Him who sought the mountain-top as his refreshment after toil, but never left duties undone or sufferers unrelieved in pain. Lord, teach us to pray.—[A. Maclaren.]

Too Big for His Boots.

With great trouble, a small body of men were busy hoisting a heavy log to the top of the blockhouse that was being repaired, after an assault in one of the campaigns of the war of American independence.

As the log swung to and fro, the voice of a little man was heard encouraging the workers with a "Heave away! There she goes! Heave, ho!"

By and by there rode past an officer in plain clothes, who asked the little man why he did not help the others.

"Sir," was the pompous reply, "I am a corporal!"

"Indeed," said the other, "I did not know that; I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Dismounting without further ado, the officer lent a willing hand till the job was done. Then, wiping the honest sweat off his brow, he turned to the little man and remarked:

"The next time, Mr. Corporal, you have a bit of work like that in hand, and too few men to do it, send for the commander-in-chief, and I'll come again and assist you."

With which offer and rebuke General Washington left the astonished corporal to his own reflections.—[Little Folks.]

A Helping Hand.

A cabman signed the pledge for Rev. Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience stricken and ashamed, he tried to keep out of the way of his friend; but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off. One day he found the poor, miserable man, and, taking hold of his hand, he said, "John, when the road is slippery and your cab horse falls down, what do you do with him?" "I help him up again," replied John. "Well, I have come to do the same," said Mr. Garrett, affectionately; "the road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell; but there's my hand to help you again." The cabman caught his friend's hand in a vice-like grip, and said, "God bless you, sir! You'll never have cause to regret this. I'll never fall again." And to this day he has kept his word.—[Young People's Paper.]

Church News.

Northern California.

Fitchburg.—Sunday-school and social rooms are being added to the church building at a cost of \$1,200.

Oakland Pilgrim.—Nine persons were welcomed into fellowship Sunday. Congregations, both morning and evening, are good, and there is an excellent attendance at the prayer-meeting.

Oak Chapel Oakland.—Four persons were welcomed into the church on Sunday—three on confession. An interesting and impressive feature of the service was the baptism of the little child of Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Yarrow by the Rev. Dr. Moorar.

Alameda.—The First church celebrated its 21st anniversary on the 25th of March. The Rev. Dr. McLean was present and reviewed the work of the past, and gave words of admonition and encouragement for the future. The present membership is 325. Rev. W. W. Scudder has been pastor since 1885. The membership was thirty when he began his pastorate.

Oakland First.—Fifteen persons united with the church at April communion—five of them on confession. The church made an extra offering for Home Missions, amounting to \$747. This added to the amount contributed through the regular channels will make a good showing. At the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society one gentleman contributed \$250 in gold, to be added to their carpet fund. Captain Garland of the Morning Star spoke last Sunday in Sunday-school on the work in Micronesia and a special offering of \$40 was made by the children for that mission.

Southern California.

Los Angeles East.—Twenty-three members were received to this church on the first Sunday in April—all from the Sunday-school and Endeavor Society, and all on confession of faith.

Los Angeles Plymouth.—The pastor of this church, Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., is encouraged by an increase of attendance and interest on the part of young people. He gathers them into a Bible class, which is attended with increasing interest.

Pomona.—Dr. L. H. Frary gave one of the addresses on the sewer-bond question at the Citizens' mass meeting held in the Opera House on the evening of March 26th. Pilgrim church completed its annual offering for Home Missions March 25th, the total cash amount being \$1,046.15, a large advance on any previous year.

Pasadena North.—This church received two members on confession of faith at its April communion. D. Willis James, Esq., Vice-President of the A. B. C. F. M., has been for some time past a sojourner in North Pasadena, and has greatly encouraged the church by his cordial fellowship and his gifts in aid of its work. He lately gave \$300 for improvements in the church building.

Los Angeles Central Avenue.—Three members were received on confession of faith Sunday, April 1st—one of them a man eighty years of age. At the close of Sabbath evening service the pastor is accustomed to invite as many of the congregation as will to follow him into the class room for an after meeting, at which testimonies are given and requests for prayer made. Religious interest has not ceased with the close of the special evangelistic meetings, but there are still those who seek instruction and the prayers of the church that they may be saved.

Dedication at Redlands.

Sunday, April 1st, was a day of thanksgiving and joy for this church, for then they came together to dedicate their new house of worship. In 1890 they had built a chapel, which was designed to be a lecture room for a church yet to be built; and later had been moved by increasing congregations to enlarge the lecture room; but the union with them of the Lugonia Terrace church hastened the time to build the larger and more permanent house of worship. The cost of the new building is about \$22,000. It is capable of seating in its main audience room about 700 hearers, and about 300 more in the chapel, which may be opened into it when room is needed for an overflowing congregation. The house is built of stone and brick, and is attractive in appearance, both within and without. It has elegant stained glass windows, which are chiefly memorial gifts, and contain figures representing Christ the Good Shepherd, Christ Knocking at the Door, and the Triumphant Resurrection of our Lord.

The house was crowded on Sabbath morning for the dedication services, which were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Williams. Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Adams of San Francisco preached the sermon. Prominent parts in the devotional services were given to former ministers of the church—Revs. Geo. Willett, O. H. Spoor and Jas. T. Ford. The whole congregation joined in the act of dedication, under the lead of the pastor.

The evening service was designed to set forth the unity of the church of Christ—the practical fellowship of churches of different names. Addresses of congratulation and God-speed were made by other pastors of the city.

There is appointed for Monday evening a

meeting, at which the pastors of other Congregational churches in Southern California will bring their congratulations. The church has now nearly 400 members, united in spirit and purpose. It has a pastor who has won the hearts of his congregation and the respect and confidence of the city. It has a house of worship not surpassed in convenience and attractiveness by any church of our order in Southern California; and should have the fellowship in prayer of all the churches that these advantages may be so improved as to make it a mighty power under God for the blessing of all this region.

The Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

Dr. Wallace of the Westminster church announces another series of Sunday evening popular addresses, entitled "Plain Talks to Honest Doubters." They will deal with the result of modern thought and criticism upon the vital facts of Christianity. The subjects are as follows: "What Has Modern Criticism Left of the Bible?" "Are There Any Proofs Outside the Bible That Man Is Immortal?" "Is Jesus Christ Simply a Dead Man or Is He Divine?" The Doctor and his family feel quite at home already in their new home. The interior of the parsonage has been greatly improved, making it appear almost new.

The Y. M. C. A. of this city is making splendid progress, the membership being nearly 700. All the departments, physical, intellectual and moral, are doing well under Secretary Ward. A valuable series of lectures is now in progress by representatives of the various professions on law, medicine, politics, journalism, etc., as careers.

The Anti-Saloon League has been organized in this city; also at Colfax, Elberton, Oaksdale, Davenport and Wilbur. Superintendent O. B. Whitmore finds it easier to create an interest in the smaller towns than in the larger.

This is a movement in the right direction should be pushed vigorously in all the cities and towns of this region. The saloon power is becoming more and more audacious and exerting an increased influence in politics.

The special meetings in Pilgrim church this week have been well attended.

Rev. H. C. Mason of Pullman preached excellent sermons and the congregations increased from night to night.

Yesterday seemed like a circus day in this city. The attraction was W. J. Bryan, the great Democratic leader. It is supposed that he talked to 20,000 people yesterday.

Rev. H. C. Mason of Pullman publishes a weekly "Church Record," containing notices of services and other features of interest. The last issue has the following notes:

"The meeting of the Eastern Washington

Association is postponed from April 17th-19th to May 8th-10th. This is on account of the visit of Dr. Puddefoot of New York to Washington. He is one of the cleverest men and one of the greatest orators of our denomination. It is a matter of great congratulation that we shall be able to hear him in Pullman. All the Spring Association meetings in the State are being postponed in order that he may be present."

Spokane.

A Boston woman recently married has gone through the usual experience of a great duplication of wedding presents. She has enough to start a well-appointed bazaar. Out of her profusion has come the following suggestion: "I think it would be a great help to brides if some woman of good sense and taste should make arrangements with the Beacon Trust Company to receive deposits and offer her services as a wedding-present agent to spend the money. Whenever notice is given that a girl is to be married her friends can deposit their checks, save themselves all the fuss and worry, notify the agent, who will keep to herself the separate amounts and the names of the depositors, but will notify the bride that there is on deposit from different people, \$2, \$10, \$25, etc., etc. Then the bride and the agent may make a list, and after the presents are purchased the agent may attach to each the name or card of the giver. In this way all the trumpery, duplicates, triplicates, and things not suited to conditions will be left out; the bride will get what suits her best, and the sentiment will be as true as that which was imparted to the check of my father's old friend. The wedding-present agent will get her commission from the shopkeepers. All the presents will come in with cards attached, and the bride will send her thanks for 'that lovely picture. How did you know I wanted it so much?' or for 'that dear little Japanese lantern to hang in our little hall,' or for 'those splendid blankets, thank you so much,' or for 'that nice lot of aluminum cooking pans and plates, so sweet and easy to keep clean, and so much better than the common kind,' or for 'that trunk full of everything under the sun that I can ever want in my housekeeping—how could you think of them all?' You see how sweet it will be to get just what you want, and, since a lot of things will come direct, one will never know which friends picked out themselves and which ones the wedding-present agent chose, so there won't be any fibs in any of the notes."

How queer it is that just when the brightest scientists are losing confidence in the basal hypotheses of evolution, some preachers are taking it up, as the be-all and end-all of scientific knowledge!

Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

A Faithful Minister.

To the interesting account of our departed brother, Rev. S. D. Belt, which Rev. H. P. Case gave us in the last Pacific I can add but one item of fact. He was ordained to the gospel ministry at Pekin, Illinois, June 28, 1871, and my Oberlin classmate, Geo. W. Phinney, was scribe of Council. As my sympathetic eyes cull his correspondence for such letters as should be preserved I shall learn more about him and be ready to join my voice with these who magnify the grace of God in him. I know he has been faithful unto death and received a crown of life. Tearful men and weeping women in Woodland and Paso Robles and San Miguel mourn profoundly. I have never witnessed such a call for the written sermons of a minister as valuable keepsakes. When I studied theology at Oberlin Mr. Belt was college bell-ringer. If we were late at chapel or missed Dr. Morgan's prayer before Hebrew class, it was our own fault. The college bell rang, as the college clock struck, on time. The faithfulness of our brother was early notable. Let me give one incident showing his evangelical zeal as well. He did not listen to the mighty Finney for naught. It must have been in his Dakota experiences; for it was a day of blizzard, wind and icy snow. He was told no one would be at a certain schoolhouse where he had an appointment to preach. A Christian sister, at whose house he stopped en route for warmth and refreshment, was sure there would be no audience. But the evangelistic pastor pushed on, determined and devoted. Opening the schoolhouse door he found three big boys awaiting him. Frankly and boldly he began, "One of you boys must be thinking of becoming a Christian, for it has been borne in on me to-day I must keep my appointment notwithstanding the storm." The oldest boy arose and said: "I am the one, Mr. Belt. I have been under conviction for a week. Tell me how to become a Christian." In the absence of all kindred from this Coast the care of this saint's books and effects and papers falls on me by his dying request. It is a solemn trust. I touch only signs of solid worth and solid work. It may comfort other struggling men to know that this heroic soul, from a modest missionary salary, saved enough for all funeral expenses and gave me the satisfaction of surprising men who had outlawed claims against him, the relicts of his frequent bereavements and the hard times, with full payment for their claims: "If anything is left give it to Paso Robles church and see it go. In love, S. D. Belt." There will be little over for the church but the legacy of his love and faithfulness. But that is a rich inheritance.

What Frederick Billings Said.

He must have been thinking of such men as our departed brother. Listen, Californians, to what this brilliant '49er said in the confidence of familiar home talk. Remember his eminence at the San Francisco bar. President at one time of the Northern Pacific Railroad; giver at another time of \$50,000 to the Pacific Theological Seminary; he died a multi-millionaire. His spacious New England home was full of hospitality and of all that wealth and Christian culture could furnish. This man said to President Buckham of Vermont University, "If I were to live my life over again I should like to be a country clergyman." Remember this, dear ambitious theologues. Be comforted, Home Missionary brethren. My rambling pencil, stirred by the intoxication of seas of blossoms and breezes of fragrance last week, is very sober now. I have just touched Mayflower by the sea and wrought among those who tearfully take up Pastor Belt's burden at Paso Robles and the life of a country clergyman seems to me as desirable as any in the world. Frederick Billings spoke wisely.

A Memorial Church.

Paso Robles Congregational church, born again by the faithfulness of its departed pastor, after unusual sorrows by men's infirmities and sins and continued drouths of both spiritual dew and rain from heaven, is lifted by the spirit of God and the courage of Love's sacrifice where it promises to be a fit memorial of a noble minister passed into the skies. I beg you, dear sympathizing reader, pray that its future history may be as notable as the "Miracle of Markham." Remember that the Presbyterian Comity Committee, after devoted study of the field, withdrew their claims and bade our Pilgrim flock proceed. If we do not stand by their arbitration will receive a distinct setback, and comity will be jeered and discounted. If we falter, another church will try. In a memorable meeting, where Supt. J. L. Maile of Los Angeles met them for the first time, the bereaved flock, after due deliberation, and much prayer, voted to go forward and build on the central and beautiful lots they have secured and paid for. It is heroic. Stand by them, friends. You of the sunny south, gild your new superintendent with some bright gold for his northernmost parish. Brother Belt's last public appearance was by Dr. Adams' study fire, where he could see and hear the sympathetic prayer-meeting, but was too sick to go into the prayer-room. Doctor Adams of First church knows this good cause, and will speak and receive for it.

E. S. Williams of Saratoga was asked to notify Pacific readers that subscriptions are not off because the standard bearer has fallen, but that they are on the honor and consciences and hearts of Christian sons of the Pilgrims as never before. Give and pray! Give what

you can for an inexpensive, but pretty, little church on the best lots in Paso Robles, to replace the dingy and distant schoolhouse they have heroically outgrown. Pray for a wise pastor to succeed the sainted Belt. In the good pastor's name! In His Name who died for us all! May Easter hope and gladness baptize this work for God!

Against the Cigarette.

Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, has issued an order forbidding any person connected with the service from smoking cigarettes during working hours. It is understood that the order does not apply to the smoking of cigars or pipes.

In an interview telegraphed from Washington by the Associated Press, Mr. Moore gives his views as follows: "The order was issued after careful consideration and a thorough investigation of the evils resulting from cigarette smoking. It will stand. In this service we are compelled to maintain a very strict discipline, in order to secure satisfactory service. Some of our men who are regarded as the most thorough and competent, doing every detail of their work with the utmost promptness and accuracy, gradually became careless and lax. I sent inspectors over to investigate, and in a number of cases it was found to be directly attributable to the use of cigarettes. I am not prudish, nor do I wish to assume any authority whatever over any privilege which the employes of the service should have, but as a public servant I feel that it is my duty to correct an evil which may exist, even if in attempting to make this claim I am overstepping my authority. The order applies to the entire force of the Bureau throughout the entire service. Cigarette smoking must cease."

The observations and experience of Chief Moore are in perfect accord with what has been observed by many others who are in positions to know the deadly effect of the cigarette upon the brain and nervous system of the habitual smoker. Just why the cigarette is so much more deadly than the pipe or the cigar may not be known. Medical authorities are not agreed upon the philosophy which underlies the fact, but as to the fact there can be no question. An educator, during seven years' experience in the management of young men, observed in numberless cases that the smoking of cigarettes produced a strange deadening of the sensibilities, a blunting of the moral sense and a paralysis of the will. He learned by the sad experience of those years that whenever a young student was observed to be growing careless about his dress and personal neatness, to be neglecting his studies and to exhibit a general run-down appearance, it was wise to investigate at once as to whether the student was addicted to the use of the cigarette. Almost invariably it was found that

such students had gradually come under the fascinating power of the cigarette. Whatever may be the scientific explanation of the habit, whatever may be the physiological or pathological explanation, the fact is that the cigarette undermines the very foundations of physical and moral manhood. It is in its effects one of the worst foes of boyhood and manhood life. Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., President of Armour Institute, Chicago, Illinois, says: "I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind and body, or more subversive of good morals than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization. This is my judgment as an educator." Hundreds of other teachers bear similar testimony. It is hardly possible for a boy of fifteen years of age to shake off the cigarette habit when once formed. But, at whatever cost, it should be conquered. If, like Chauncey M. Depew, who finally conquered the cigar habit, it takes months of heroic battling, it will pay to win the battle.

Governor Leary.

We are sorry to read that Captain Leary, our redoubtable governor at Guam, has asked to be relieved, and that a successor has been appointed who will soon take his place.

Captain Leary is an original sort of character. There is a breeziness about his administrative acts that is decidedly refreshing. At the same time he is grounded in common sense and in the moral law. He was quick to see the abuses of administration which had long been going on in the island of Guam and not less quick in determining to bring about reforms. Who but Governor Leary would have issued an executive order compelling every man who was a householder to keep at least twelve hens and one sow and to cultivate a patch of ground, however small? And who will deny that he was right in compelling all persons who were living together as man and wife immediately to be married according to law? More is the shame that the Spanish priests had in their oppressions laid such a heavy tribute upon those desiring to be married that multitudes of the poor people were unable to furnish the money, and thus the shame and immorality of living together and rearing children outside the sanctities of marriage. And if Governor Leary's order that all such persons should at once be married should seem severe, one only needs to remember that he coupled with it a provision that those who were too poor to be married by the Church might avail themselves at once of civil marriage without any fee at all. We are sorry that Governor Leary is to be retired and can only hope that his successor will be alike wise and true.—[Exchange.]

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

LIVING AT OUR BEST.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life looking for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval, and to do good to men. * * * To fulfill faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear bearing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and the stake; to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil, to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of men, but for the sake of God, this makes a great life.—[F. B. Meyer.

Growth in grace is in the case of many believers not a symmetrical growth. It is a growth in graces, rather than in an all-around grace. Certain qualities, as those of patience or prayerfulness, for example, are developed, not indeed at the expense of the rest, but in neglect of them. Yet the injunction is, "Grow in grace." God expects a full-rounded development. The society he praises is of the hundred per cent, full-measured, variety. "Be ye therefore perfect."

"What is truth? That is not a question of merely intellectual interest, as many suppose, but a problem on whose proper solution depends the development of the spiritual nature. What is truth? is the antecedent question to the inquiry, What is life? By the knowledge of God's truth revealed in the Bible comes that priceless gift, eternal life."

God alone can finish; and the more intelligent the human mind becomes, the more the infiniteness of interval is felt between human and Divine work.—[John Ruskin.

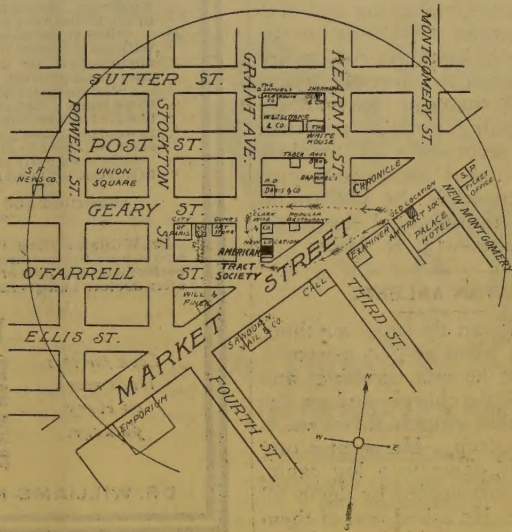
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SONG OF A THANKFUL HEART.

We ought to have a joy in the heart as God's children which nothing can ever quench. There is a beautiful story of a golden organ in a monastery. Once robbers besieged the monastery to rob it of its treasures. The monks carried the golden organ to a river near by, and sank it in the water to keep it from the robbers' hands. At certain periods, so the old legend runs the organ would rise out of the river and give forth such ravishing music as was never elsewhere heard by mortal ears. Such an instrument is a truly thankful heart—one in which is the joy of the Lord. The floods may go over it, but it ever rises out of them and sing its sweet songs. Nothing can ever check its praise. It sings in the darkest night, its music rolling out into the gloom to cheer the weary pilgrim. A thankful heart always finds something good, even when all things seem evil. A thankful heart finds roses amid its thorns and rejoices, while the unthankful heart finds thorns amid the roses and complains.—[J. R. Miller.

SATAN ASLEEP.

The devil can do most anything with a man when he gets asleep. A man dreamt he was traveling, and came to a little church, and on the cupola of that church there was a devil fast asleep. He went along further, and came to a log cabin, and it was surrounded by devils all wide awake. He asked one of them what it meant. Said the devil: "I will tell you. The fact is that whole church is asleep and one devil can take care of all the people, but here are a man and woman who pray, and they have more

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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A Mother's Peril

**It Seemed Certain that Her Death
Would Follow the Birth of the
Child—How Help Came After
the Doctors Despaired.**

The sacrifice of a woman at the altar of motherhood is not an unusual event, but how unnecessary such sacrifices often are will be seen from the following interview with Mrs. C. R. Simmonds of 140 Mineral Springs Ave., Pawtucket, R. I. Mrs. Simmonds, whose husband is a well known and popular grocer of Pawtucket, says:



Mrs. C. R. Simmonds.

"When my child was born on April 22, 1899, I suffered such an excessive loss of blood that I was utterly prostrated and had no strength whatever. Blood poisoning set in and my life was despaired of by two of the prominent physicians of this city.

"Before my marriage I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People with good results in building up and purifying my blood and when the doctors gave me up, I decided to give the pills a trial, although the case was desperate.

"My husband bought some of the pills and by the time I had taken three boxes I had gained so much strength that I was able to leave my bed for the first time in two months. I continued taking the pills and in another month could go about as usual. My appetite was good, the color returned to my cheeks and I gained rapidly in weight.

"I very gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to anyone afflicted as I was."

MRS. C. R. SIMMONDS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of August, 1899.
[SEAL] THOMAS W. ROBINSON, Notary Public.

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power than the whole church." When God tells us to watch we must watch.—[Moody's Sermons.

EVIL THOUGHTS.

Some young converts are much distressed about evil thoughts. Now, the sin lies not in their coming into your mind, but in your harboring them. As one has said, "We cannot help the birds flying over our heads, but we can prevent their building their nests in our hair."—[Moody's Sermons.

The greatest thing in this life is to have "the wisdom that cometh from above," and the favor of God.

NO BALL OR THEATER FOR PAUL.

Paul would never have been invited to a charity ball, and he was so peculiar that he never would have attended a theatre except to preach the gospel.—[Moody's Sermons.

Senator Frye of Maine, now President of the United States Senate, is an advocate of temperance, and upholds the Maine prohibitory law. He says that the temperance sentiment of the State is the legitimate child of the law.

"Search for the truth is the noblest occupation of man."

BREVITIES.

thing can keep back the man
hungers after Christ; he will
his way to the Bread of Life.
purgeon.

Reality plants a thorny hedge
and our dreamings; but the

OUR dealer in lamp-
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chimneys; but this you can
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sporting grounds of the possible
are ever free and open."

It is the duty of reason to con-
quer all within these walls; the
province of religion to worship the
incomprehensible beyond. — [Le
Comte.

No man can do a work which is
repulsive to him. Delight in one's
task is an essential element of pow-
er and an indispensable factor of
success.

God is not against man. He is
a God of infinite love, compassion,
and mercy. He is more willing to
save than we are to be saved.—
[Mitchell.

True breadth of mind does not
come by renouncing all dogma, but
from the strength of our own be-
lief, making us tolerant of other
men's opinions.

Sensational charges are made at
Washington to the effect that the
officers of the *Charleston* were under
the influence of liquor when the
vessel struck the reef.

By the light of nature we see
God above us; by the light of law,
against us; but by the gospel we
see him with us in our nature and
in our interest.—[Henry.

Be patient with every one, but
above all with yourself. I mean,
do not be disturbed because of your
imperfections, and always rise up
bravely from a fall.—[Francis de
Sales.

Let us live like disciples of
Christ every day, for the Eye of the
world is upon us; and remember,
God sees us. Work and pray for a
continuous revival. Our only mis-
sion is the salvation of souls.

In the storm and tempest every
drop of water is as obedient to the
laws of nature as if it were lying
calmly in the bosom of the tranquil
lake; and in the world of mind
"man proposes, but God disposes."
—[Doddridge.

In Prohibition Maine, where it
is said Prohibition "is no good,"
there were last year behind the
prison bars 841 persons, a total of
thirteen for every 10,000 people;
while in Massachusetts, the best en-
forced license law State, there were
7,451 prisoners, or thirty-three for
every 10,000 population.

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The United States Flour trust, which controlled sixteen mills, representing a capital of \$25,000,000, has failed.

Never twit your wife because of her foolish actions. But for them the chances are that she wouldn't have married you.

Jesus was a child-lover, and showed his sympathy for children when he took little children in his arms and blessed them.

Jesus, by being subject to his parents, shows by example that he kept the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Where the seal of faith hath been set to the bond of truth, he who hath said it will maintain thee in the want of maintenance.—[Secker.

In the state of Massachusetts a majority of the population is under Prohibition. Out of about 350 townships in the state, about 270 vote down the liquor traffic.

As ships meet at sea for a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—[Beecher.

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